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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Second Series. 12mo. pp. 378. London, 1838. Bentley.

THE former publication of Sam Slick taught us to expect a volume in which sound sense and great information should be commingled with much original humour and striking national characteristics. And we are fortunately not disappointed, as a good many bursts of laughter extorted from us whilst reading these pages, and a sense that we have resped much instruction from them now that we have finished, bear that testimony which we wish to convey to others. Of the Clockmaker, the author truly says—"I have sketched him in every attitude and in every light, and I carefully note down all our conversations, so that I flatter myself, when this tour is completed, I shall know as much of America and Americans as some who have even written a book on the subject."

But we shall leave the more political views for graver consideration, and endeavour to illustrate the work by examples, which are as entertaining as they are intelligent. The present tour is presumed to be from Windsor to Shelburne, and so along the coast to Halifax; and during its continuance the Clockmaker is made to make a good use of the time in communicating his pertinent and dry remarks to his fellow traveller, on the voluntary system, elective councils, slavery, smuggling, Canada, sham-pooling the English, and twenty other matters of no small interest, which though often treated jocularly, are always treated significantly and ably.

At the very outset we find a fair sample of the spirit and talent which pervade the work. The author observes—

"There is a strong similarity between the native and his climate; the one is without youth, and the other without spring, and both exhibit the effects of losing that preparatory season. Cultivation is wanting. Neither the mind nor the soil is properly prepared. There is no time. The farmer is compelled to hurry through all his field operations as he best can, so as to commit his grain to the ground in time to insure a crop. Much is unavoidably omitted that ought to be done, and all is performed in a careless and slovenly manner. The same haste is observable in education, and is attended with similar effects; a boy is hurried to school, from school to a profession, and from thence is sent forth into the world before his mind has been duly disciplined or properly cultivated. When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; but really, said I, they appear to have no spring in this country. Well I don't know, said he; I never seed it in that light afore; I was athinkin' we might stump the whole universal world for climate. It's generally allowed, our climate in America can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to t'other eend, and makes amost an everlastin' fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk; none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' wea-

ther, but a clear sky and a good breeze, rael cheerfulsome. That, said I, is evading the question; I was speaking of the shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America. But there is one favour I must beg of you during this tour, and that is, to avoid the practice you indulged in so much last year, of exalting every thing American by depreciating every thing British. This habit is, I assure you, very objectionable, and has already had a very perceptible effect on your national character. I believe I am as devoid of what is called national prejudices as most men, and can make all due allowances for them in others. I have no objection to this superlative praise of your country, its institutions, or its people, provided you do not require me to join in it, or express it in language disrespectful of the English. Well, well, if that don't beat all! said he; you say, you have no prejudices, and yet you can't bear to hear tell of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens. Captain Aul (Hall) as he called himself, for I never seed an Englishman yet that spoke good English, said he had'n't one mite or morsel of prejudice, and yet in all his three volumes of travels through the U-nited States (the greatest nation its ginerally allowed atween the Poles), only found two things to praise, the kindness of our folks to him, and the state prisons. None are so blind, I guess, as them that won't see; but your folks can't bear it, that's a fact. Bear what? said I. The superiority of the Americans, he replied; it does seem to grig 'em, there's no denyin' it; it does somehow or another seem to gogin their grain to admit it most consumedly; nothin' a'most ryles them so much as that. But their sun has set in darkness and sorrow, never again to peer above the horizon. They will be blotted out of the list of nations. Their glory has departed across the Atlantic to fix her everlastin' abode in the U-nited States,—yes, man to man,—baganut to baganut—ship to ship—by land or by sea,—fair fight, or rough and tumble,—we've whipped 'em, that's a fact, deny it who can; and we'll whip 'em agin' to all eternaty. We average more physical, moral, and intellectual force, than any people on the face of the airth; we are a right-minded, strong-minded, sound-minded, and high-minded people, I hope I may be shot if we ain't. On fresh or on salt water, on the lakes or the ocean, down comes the red cross, and up go the stars. From Bunker's Hill, clean away up to New Orleans, the land teems with the glory of our heroes. Yes, our young Republic is a Collossus, with one foot in the Atlantic, and the other in the Pacific, its head above the everlastin' hills, graspin' in its hands a tri— A rifle, shooting squirrels, said I; a very suitable employment for such a tall, overgrown, long-legged youngster. Well, well, said he, resuming his ordinary quiet demeanour, and with that good-humour that distinguished him, put a rifle, if you will, in his hands, I guess you'll find he's not a bad shot neither. But I must see to Old Clay, and prepare for our journey, which is a considerable of a long one, I tell you,—

and taking up his hat, he proceeded to the stable."

The chapter on the voluntary system is capitally illustrated by the opposed characters and practises of a hypocritical spouter and a truly religious pastor; and Slick shines in all his glory as a sketcher of the first, who happens to be an old schoolfellow of his, whom he finds most comfortably and luxuriously "located" in one of the new cities lately built in Alabama. He prefaces the story of his visit with an axiom of general application.

"Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way, in the eend, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvas for votes, always canvas the wives, and you are sure of the husbands."

Having introduced himself to Ahab Mel-drum's richly furnished and beautiful house, the following narrative describes the rest:—

"I was most darnted to sit down on the chairs, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and vases, and lamps, and pictures, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a bazar a'most, it was fill'd with such an everlastin' sight of curiosities. The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skeard to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin' gound, and carryin' a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the onexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin'? If you 'll gist throw open one o' them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble o' axin' names. I know who you be by your voice any how, tho' its considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I,—what's left o' me at least. Verily, said he, friend Samuel, I'm glad to see you; and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hope-well, and my good friend, your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must anow be ripe-full of years as he is full of honours. Your mother, I think I heer'd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and a kind heart. I loved her as a child; but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are athinkin' on, or than I have to spare;—there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho',—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy. Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, says he, open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I, none o' your nonsense then; shew me into a room where I can spit, and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without admagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact, I don't care if I stop and breakfast

with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'. Sam, says he, atakin' hold of my hand, you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealin's. I can trust you, I know, but mind,—and he put his fingers on his lips,—mum is the word;—by gones are by gones,—you wouldn't blow an old chum among his friends, would you? I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as I do a nigger. Come, foller me, then, says he; and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, furnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books, and pipes, and cigars, pig-tail, and what not. Here's liberty-hall, said he, chew or smoke, or spit as you please; do as you like here; we'll throw off all reserve now; but, mind that cursed nigger; he has a foot like a cat and an ear for every keyhole—don't talk too loud. Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old hunks—(it made me start, that he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I wouldn't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin', I know,)—when old hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em, too, with pleasure. Well, Ahab, says I, I don't gist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might gist as well a'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. A hem! said he, so loud, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a grand one it was,—tea, and coffee, and Indian corn, and cakes, and hot bread, and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; preserves, pickles, fruits; in short, every thing a'most you could think on. You needn't wait, said Ahab, to the blacks; I'll ring for you when I want you; we'll help ourselves. Well, when I looked round and seed this critter alivin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly, for he was thought always, as a boy, to be rather more than half onder-baked, considerable soft-like. So, says I, Ahab, says I, I calculate you'r like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garret winder, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so, Sam? said he. Why, says I, you always seem to come on your feet somehow or another. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it here; that's a fact, and no mistake (the critter had three thousand dollars a-year): how on airth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had staken up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit it does capitably, that's sartin. Why, says he, if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, said I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blurt out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that, I guess. Well, says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine: I gist soft sawder the women. It 'taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like any thing. They are the forred wheels, start them, and the hind ones foller of course. Now it's mostly women that tend meetin' here; the men-folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go con-

siderable regular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I gist lay myself out to get the blind side o' them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swallow. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgiving dispositions—(the Lord forgive me for saying so, tho', for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over and looks all heal'd up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot ag'in, and see how cute their memory is)—their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministrin' angels.—I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always,—then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, do the ladies, and Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron, are amazin' favorites; they go down much better than them old-fashioned staves o' Watts.

‘Oh woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.’

If I didn't touch it off to the nines it's a pity. I never heerd you preach so well, says one, since you was located here. I drew from natur', says I, a squeezin' of her hand. Nor never so touchin', says another. You know my moddle, says I, lookin' spooney on her. I fairly shed tears, said a third; how often have you drawn them from me? says I. So true, says they, and so natural, and truth and natur' is what we call eloquence. I feel quite proud, says I, and considerable elated, my admired sisters,—for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues? I must say I felt somehow kinder, inadequate to the task too, I said,—for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'. When I left 'em I heard 'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feelin' man, a sweet critter, a'most a splendid preacher; none o' your mere moral lecturers, but a rael right down genuine gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars produce, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular, he should remain single, for then the galls all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then; you may depend it's gone goose with him arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters. And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down atradin' with the be-nighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. The road to the head lies through the heart. Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess, said I; and if you don't travel that road full chisel it's a pity. Well, says I, Ahab, when I go to Slickville I'll gist tell Mr. Hopewell what a'most a precious, superfine, superior darn'd rascal you have turned out; if you ain't No. 1, letter A, I want to know who is, that's all. You do beat all, Sam, said he; it's the system that's vicious, and not the preacher. If I didn't give 'em the soft sawder they would neither pay me nor hear me; that's a fact. Are you so soft in the horn now, Sam, as to suppose the galls would take the trouble to come to hear me tell 'em of their corrupt natur' and fallen condition; and first thank me, and then pay me for it? Very entertainin'

that, to tell 'em the worms will fatten on their pretty little rosy cheeks, and that their sweet plump flesh is nothin' but grass, flourishin' to-day, and to be cut down, withered, and rotten to-morrow, ain't it? It ain't in the natur' o' things; if I put them out o' conceit o' themselves, I can put them in conceit o' me; or that they will come down handsome, and do the thing ginteel, its gist onpossible. It warn't me made the system, but the system made me. The voluntary don't work well. System or no system, said I, Ahab, you are Ahab still, and Ahab you'll be to the eend o' the chapter. You may deceive the women by soft sawder, and yourself by talkin' about systems, but you won't walk into me so easy, I know. It ain't pretty at all. Now, said I, Ahab, I told you I wouldn't blow you, nor will I. I will neither speak o' things past nor things present. I know you wouldn't, Sam, said he; you were always a good feller. But it's on one condition, says I, and that is, that you allow Polly Bacon a hundred dollars a-year; she was a good gail and a decent gail when you first know'd her, and she's in great distress now to Slickville, I tell you. That's onfair, that's onkind, Sam, said he; that's not the clean thing; I can't afford it; it's a breach o' confidence this; but you got me on the hip, and I can't help myself: say fifty dollars, and I will. Done, said I, and mind you're up to the notch, for I'm in airnest—there's no mistake. Depend upon me, said he. And, Sam, said he, a shakin' hands along with me at partin', excuse me, my good feller, but I hope I may never have the pleasure to see your face ag'in. Ditto, says I; but mind the fifty dollars a-year, or you will see me to a sartainty—good b'ye.

This long extract must prevent our going into other topics at the length we could wish; but, as the volume will soon be in every hand, we may be satisfied with a few more brief selections. The *Nigger trade* is curiously shewn up. We are told it takes much skill to be a *Nigger Jockey*, and the conversation proceeds:—

“A nigger-jockey, said he; for heaven's sake, what is that? I never heerd the term afore, since I was a created sinner.—I hope I may be shot if I did. Possible, said I, never heerd tell of a nigger-jockey! My sakes, you must come to the States then; we'll put more wrinkles on your horns in a month there than you'll get in twenty years here, for these critters don't know nothin'. A nigger-jockey, sir, says I, is a gentleman that trades in niggers—buys them in one state, and sells them in another, where they arn't known. It's a beautiful science, is nigger flesh; it's what the lawyers call a liberal profession. Uncle Enoch made enough in one year's tradin' in niggers to buy a splendid plantation; but it ain't every one that's up to it. A man must have his eye teeth cut afore he takes up that trade, or he is apt to be let in for it himself, instead of putting a lenke into others; that's a fact. Niggers don't shew their age like white folk, and they are most always older than they look. A little rest, ilein' the joints, good feed, a clean shirt, a false tooth or two, and dyin' the wool black if its got gray, keepin' 'em close shav'd, and gist givin' 'em a glass o' whisky or two afore the sale, to brighten up the eye, has put off many an old nigger of fifty-five for forty. It does more than trimmin' and groomin' a horse, by a long chalk. Then, if a man knows geography, he fixes on a spot in next state for meetin' ag'in, allips a few dollars in Sambo's

hand, and Sambo slips the halter off in the manger, meets massa there, and is sold a second time ag'in. Wash the dye out, let the beard grow, and remove the tooth, and the devil himself couldn't swear to him ag'in. If it takes so much knowledge to choose a horse, or choose a nigger, what must it take to choose a member? Who knows he won't give the people the slip as Sambo does the first master; ay, and look as different, too, as a nigger does, when the dye rubs out, and his black wool looks white ag'in? Ah, squire, there are tricks in all trades, I do believe, except the clock trade."

A very droll anecdote follows of an old negro who bought his own freedom; but, being overpriced by his master, turned the tables on him, by bringing an action for his breach of warranty, in warranting him sound! A few lines on slavery are quite Slickish.

"Every critter must work in this world, and a labourer is a slave; but the labourer only gets enough to live on from day to day, while the slave is tended in infancy, sickness, and old age, and has spare time enough given him to aim a good deal, too. A married woman, if you come to that, is a slave, call her what you will, wife, woman, angel, termagant, or devil, she's a slave; and if she happens to get the upper hand, the husband is a slave; and if he don't lead a worse life than any black nigger, when he's under petticoat government, then my name is not Sam Slick. I'm no advocate of slavery, squire, nor any of our folks; it's bad for the niggers, worse for the masters, and a cuss to any country; but we have got it, and the question is, what are we to do with it? Let them answer that know—I don't pretend to be able to."

His reasons for dissent are equally in keeping. "But, says I, I like dissent; it shews a man has both a mind and a conscience, too; if he hadn't a mind he couldn't dissent, and if he hadn't a conscience he wouldn't; a man, therefore, who quits his church, always stands a notch higher with me than a stupid obstinate critter that sticks to it 'cause he was born and brought up in it, and his father belonged to it—there's no sense in that."

We conclude with the worthy watchmaker's reproof of a canting countryman, who was tried for stealing a watch, and got acquitted through his saintly roguery:—

"Says I, I wish they had ahanged you, with all my heart; it's such critters as you that lower the national character of our free and enlightened citizens, and degrade it in the eyes of foreigners. The eyes of foreigners be d—d! said he. Who cares what they think?—and as for these bluenoses, they ain't able to think. They ain't got two ideas to bless themselves with—the stupid, punkin-headed, concealed blockheads!—cuss me if they have. Well, says I, they ain't such an enlightened people as we are, that's sartain, but that don't justify you a bit; you hadn't ought to have stolen that watch. That was wrong, very wrong, indeed. You might have traded with him, and got it for half nothin'; or bought it and failed, as some of our importin' merchants sew up the soft-horned British; or swapped it and forgot to give the exchange; or bought it and give your note, and cut stick afore the note became due. There's a thousand ways of doin' it honestly and legally, without resortin'; as foreigners do, to stealin'. We are a moral people—a religious, a high-minded, and a high-spirited people; and can do any and all the nations of the univarsal world out of any thing, in the hundred of millions of clever shifts there

are in trade; but as for stealin', I despise it; it's a low, blackguard, dirty, mean action; and I must say you're a disgrace to our great nation. An American citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage!"

We could fill many a column with matter equally amusing and good; but we must tear ourselves, Slick, right away, and leave this volume to the popularity it so richly merits. One word only of censure;—the exhibition of the mock-modesty of the factory ladies exceeds the just bounds of decorum; and we regret that this should have occurred in a book otherwise so judicious and wisely laughable. It is almost a shame, however, to find fault with what has pleased us so much, and we can only say it is our duty, not our desire.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM. [Concluding Remarks.]

IN our last, we left the Baron Dupotet and his *confères* struggling with the novel and incredible phenomena of the material influencing the immaterial, and the immaterial, in turn, influencing matter at any distance. That men should live in what is called an enlightened age, and hold such doctrines, is, perhaps, in itself, as remarkable a portion of the phenomena. A magnetiser by manipulation, which is corporeal, or, by will, which is incorporeal, pretends that he can act upon the mind of the magnetised and bestow extraordinary powers upon it. To believe this is to tax human credulity beyond human comprehension; but, our astonishment is increased a thousand degrees when we come to consider what these powers are. They are the transposition of organs of sense, lucidity, clairvoyance, the gift of tongues, a perfect knowledge of anatomy, the art of healing diseases,* prophecy, the capability of

* We cannot exaggerate this! Here is a proof. Caroline Baudouin, whose whole glandular system was dreadfully diseased, and who was dying, was not only cured by magnetism; but, "Moved (says M. Dupotet) by the recital of her sufferings, I resolved upon magnetising her, rather from an instinctive feeling that I might relieve her, than from any conviction that I could do her good, for I scarcely considered it possible to cure so inveterate a disease. In the course of three minutes' magnetisation, she fell asleep, and began by telling me that, had she known me seven months sooner, she would not have lost her arm. It was only three months since she had been operated upon. She pointed out the means of healing the wounds on the arm and breast, and on these being applied they proved completely successful. The most important thing, however, remained to be effected, which was to change her constitution, or, at least, to modify it in such a manner as to prevent a recurrence of the previous eruptions. Magnetism had produced a sufficient degree of lucidity to allow of her giving advice to other patients, but, hitherto, not enough to describe the means of curing herself. One day, as she was prescribing for a patient whose recovery she was anxious to bring about, she interrupted the consultation, and told me that, on the 24th of August, at nine in the evening, she should fall into a state of profound sleep, which would last for thirty hours; that this sleep would be very calm, if during the two preceding days she were not annoyed by any thing; but, otherwise, she should be much agitated; and that, by an unaccountable feeling, she should endeavour to eat her own flesh. She, therefore, desired that precautions might be taken to check this fatal propensity, and requested that she might be incessantly watched. She declared further that, during this crisis of thirty hours, she would eat absolutely nothing; and that the scrofulous matter would be carried out of her system. She also said, that during her sleep a *bruissement* would be heard at the epigastrium, caused by the flow of scrofulous humours. She then predicted her perfect recovery. This declaration was made on the 14th of July, 1833. I made her repeat it on the 21st of the same month, in the presence of fifteen persons, who drew up and signed a report to this effect, having previously taken care to ascertain her scrofulous state. In the intervening period many persons took cognisance of the declaration, and promised, if her prediction were fulfilled, to attest so remarkable a case. On the 24th of August, at eight in the evening, it was arranged that several persons should assemble in the house of the patient, at the Petit-Carreau; and I enjoined her attendants to put her to bed half-an-hour before the accession of her crisis, in order to prevent her being annoyed. All this was punctually done. At nine o'clock precisely, a number of visitors had

putting yourself in connexion (*en rapport*) with other beings, near or far removed, and producing palpable effects upon their bodies (the extrinsic immaterial principle, independently of matter, acting on remote matter!) and upon their souls. To wish is to perform. Such is this Babel of folly and nonsense; the result of a "material fluid," which you may command to operate upon persons in Japan as efficaciously as upon persons whom you are touching in the same room!

"Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make these wizards happy."

The only real foundation for this superstructure of monstrous absurdity is, the visible action of monotony, imposing circumstances, and mental influence upon the nerves of sensation, and especially where they are in a state of disease.* That alterations are thus produced by *emui* or its opposite, excitement, on present bodies, there can be no question; and that we cannot assign reasons for the forms of these alterations is equally true. It is out of this darkness that the coruscations of magnetic quackery proceed; and in its profound depths that the impositions of Mesmerism are concocted. The nervous system itself is involved in doubt and difficulty, notwithstanding all the fine researches of a Bell and a Bichat. Add to this the mysterious properties of electricity, and you have as glorious a maze of perplexity as charlatanism or roguery could desire to work with. The experiments of Prevost and Dumas lead us to doubt whether the nervous fluid is or is not indetical with electricity; and the note below* carries out this opinion to the utmost extent of natural possibility, yet falling a thousand degrees short of the insane claims of animal magnetism.

Now, allowing for an instant that singular influences may be exercised upon the nerves, or the fluid in the nerves, by the mummeries of magnetism, we would arrive at the serious inquiry, whether they ought or ought not to be practised; in other words, whether they are likely to be remedial or dangerous to the parties sub-

congregated. On arriving, we were informed that the crisis had declared itself a few minutes sooner than she had predicted, and that it was fully developed. On entering the room we saw the unfortunate girl with her face swelled, her tongue protruding out of her mouth, nearly, to all appearance, cut in two by her teeth, her limbs stiffened, and her jaws so firmly locked that it was impossible to open them. After having magnetised the masseter muscles so as to remove the stiffness of the jaw, I caused the tongue to be drawn in, which was already very much discoloured, and, fortunately, had only been bitten very slightly. No one had yet perceived that one of her fingers had not only been bitten, but that there was a loss of substance, the piece wanting having been swallowed by her during her previous paroxysm. The wound was now dressed, out of which no blood, but a great quantity of red lymph, issued. As the violence of this crisis continued, I thought it proper to remain with her during the ensuing thirty hours. I was perfectly right in having taken this resolution, for she struggled long with extraordinary violence, and attempted to put her hand into her mouth to bite it again, but she had been so bound down that she could only get at the sheets, a piece of which she succeeded in tearing off. The somnambulic state at length terminated; her prediction was fulfilled; and she was, to the satisfaction of all the parties interested, from that day cured."

* Baron Dupotet says,—"The subtle and penetrating intensity of the magnetic fluid, annihilating all relations of space and time, is, however, more distinctly manifested in the magnetisation of persons at a distance, or through intervening partitions—as through screens, folding-doors, or thick walls. The success, however, of this experiment will depend, not only on the power of the magnetiser, but also on the peculiar susceptibility of the patient, which should always be taken into consideration. As a general principle, the stronger, speaking magnetically, magnetises the weaker,—women are more easily affected than men—persons who are sickly, than persons in robust health. These savans "have expressed their opinion, supported by a number of delicate experiments, that muscular contractions result from the action of a nervous fluid." Such is the statement in a remarkable work entitled an "Inquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Nervous Influence, and its Connexion with the Vital, Moral, and Intellectual Operations." 8vo. pp. 338. Paris, Galignani; London, Moscon.

jected to them. The professors have not yet ventured to tell us of what maladies they are curative, or how they operate. All they can say is, we produce wonderful effects (*comme vous voyez*), but whether for good or evil has not been ascertained. To this our reply would be, that, on their own shewing, they are ignorant of the qualities possessed by the means they employ; that they have not proved their beneficial tendencies; and that a fearful responsibility rests upon them for all the mischief and fatal consequences that may be the result of their inexperienced and rash administration. This argument applies to the actual extent of the experiments tried by magnetisers and their effects; but, if these effects were such as they assert, the position in which they place themselves would be terrible.*

"In the usual magnetic sleep (says our author) there sometimes occurs a peculiar state, seldom observed, and much dreaded by magnetisers, because very few among them possess the means of bringing it to a favourable issue. I will endeavour to describe it. A person plunged in the magnetic sleep (and it generally occurs in those individuals whose sleep is most profound) collapses into an extraordinary state, of which the following are the chief symptoms:—The somnambulist who heard his magnetiser perfectly, is suddenly seized with a fit of deafness; he neither hears nor feels him any longer; and the magnetiser discovers that he has entirely lost all control over him; he no longer obeys his injunctions; he is as dumb to him as to every body else; his jaws are firmly fixed together, and it would be easier to break than sunder them; he is motionless, yields to the laws of gravitation, and his body appears powerfully attracted to the ground. The pulse at the wrist diminishes its beats in number and intensity; the temperature of the body perceptibly lowers, and inevitable death appears to be impending."

And then comes the commentary, the Baron not condescending to inform us what catastrophe would ensue if the operator were incompetent, or lost his presence of mind.

"If the magnetiser be familiar with this phenomenon, and do not abandon the patient, he will gradually recover from this state of concentration; the pulse will resume its usual cadence, and, returning into the ordinary state of somnambulism, he will, on being questioned, state that he has had certain visions during his lethargic state; but, by a strange anomaly, although still in the somnambulant state, he can hardly recall them, or even describe the sensations he experienced. No symptom can indicate the moment when this crisis supervenes; I have observed it a great many times. It has often occurred when I intended to bring on a cessation of the usual magnetic sleep, that the somnambulist suddenly, and against my will, collapsed into this singular condition, in which he remained for several hours together. It is

* This dilemma is cunningly evaded. "I have (says the bold Baron) heard blessings, which might move the heart of the coldest cynic, fall from the lips of those who, under no other treatment, could be relieved from the most intense and exquisite sufferings! But it is not only in nervous diseases that animal magnetism is so valuable a therapeutic agent; in derangements of the vascular system, in the early stages of inflammation, and on the accession of fevers, it is equally useful. In cases of general debility, depending on scrofulous diathesis, to which young persons are so liable, it produces also a remarkably invigorating effect on the system. It ought, however, to be observed, that the application of animal magnetism in the treatment of disease produces beneficial effects, albeit the more remarkable physical and psychical magnetic phenomena be not developed. The good, therefore, which is to be derived is not to be estimated by the ostensible magnetic effects which are induced." It is charming to sound the benefits of a system upon its useless operation!!

the most extraordinary state known in animal magnetism; it is, perhaps, the most dangerous, and also the best calculated to afford instruction, when we know how to question, in proper time, these ecstatic somnambules. If we could hit upon the ideas which are uppermost in their minds, it is probable that we might obtain the most useful revelations; there is but one moment for this; we must seize the instant of transition from the ecstatic to the usual somnambulant state, for they soon lose all recollection of the sensations they experienced. This state seems to be the limit of an entirely new order of being; 'it is an unfathomable mystery, in which the mind is wholly lost; and I consider it the most dangerous crisis that can occur, and the most likely to be attended by fatal consequences, should the magnetiser leave the patient to himself, after having plunged him into an ecstatic sleep.'

And the buffoonery is carried to yet greater excess. M. Chardel, already known to our readers as one who goes the whole hog in magnetism, caps the matter.

"One day (quoth he), while magnetising a somnambulist, and being full of self-confidence, I allowed her to walk about the room with a friend of hers; they were conversing together, and my attention was then diverted from the extraordinary mode of existence which I had just produced; when the two friends suddenly requested me to rehearse a scene from Racine's tragedies. I imprudently entered too fervently into the spirit and sentiments which the poet expresses with so much truth, and did not perceive the emotion of my somnambulist until she fell motionless on the floor. Never was loss of the senses more complete; the inanimate body lay stretched on the floor with all the flaccidity of death; each limb, on being lifted up, fell back with all its weight; breathing was stopped, the pulse and beatings of the heart were no longer felt, the lips and gums were discoloured, and the skin, having lost the stimulus of circulation, assumed a livid and yellowish hue. Every thing seemed to indicate that I had nothing but a corpse before me. I happily kept my presence of mind, for the purity of my intention increased the calm but resolute energy of my self-devotion, and I had sufficient control over myself to feel that I could still exert a great power over my somnambulist. I began by magnetising the plexus; I then breathed into her mouth, nostrils, and ears; and by degrees she recovered the use of speech; this speech was at first weak, but it was soon distinct, and in answer to my questions I learned that nothing had injured the health of my patient,' &c. Those who experience these singular effects (adds Dupotet), far from complaining of them, desire that their duration may be prolonged. 'Why do you call me back to life?' said a somnambulist in her magnetic exultation; 'if you would only go away, this body which oppresses me would grow cold, and my soul would no longer be here on your return. I should then be perfectly happy.' All hold nearly the same language, and suggest the idea of the soul being partially disencumbered of the coils of its mortality—seeing, hearing, feeling, taking cognisance of all things past, present, and future, through some other channels than the physical organs of its subordinate manifestations. All, too, agree in enjoying, in this state, a sort of exquisite elysium of repose, from which they dread to be disturbed; the soul, apparently half set free, shrinks from being again brought back and entangled in the chains which bind it down to the narrow sphere of suffering humanity. It is

impossible to contemplate a somnambulist in this state without a feeling of awe, not unmixed with anxious wonder; he is a being who appears to belong more to the world that is to come, than to that in which, as finite beings, we exist; he already appears half disrobed of his carnal nature, and participating in the sense, if not the actual enjoyment, of his immortality: it is impossible to divine what views of infinity may now open before him; all we observe, is a being like ourselves exalted into a state of temporary beatification, far above our sympathy, and beyond our comprehension. They invariably beseech us not to awaken them or bring them back to their ordinary condition; but the magnetiser should be cautious how he listens to their entreaties."

We should imagine so, as the laws do not as yet allow gentlemen to divorce people's souls from their bodies, even in this agreeable way; and though capital punishments are in disrepute, the treadmill would be awkward exercise for somnambulists, and terrestrial transportation an unpleasant reward for sending others on their celestial travels.

We have, perhaps, occupied ourselves and our general readers more with this discussion than it deserves; but we should hardly reflect the features of the age if we did not bestow some consideration on a subject which has provoked so much attention. We shall, however, run very hastily over what remains upon our copious memoranda.

Animal magnetism might, we imagine, be employed in curing provisions for home consumption and sea voyages; for we learn that "parts which were in a purulent state were healed by a lotion of magnetised water."

Animal magnetism is a modest science. "I do not pretend (says its humble advocate, Dupotet) that it will cure *all diseases*; I do not cry it up as an universal remedy or *panacea*, which is at once to exterminate suffering, and prolong the duration of human life."

Animal magnetism beats ventriloquism, for it is learned enough to read abnormally, whereas M. Alexandre himself can only speak from his interior.

Animal magnetism is superior to the Egyptian necromancy, for in that the boy could only see visions of individuals required, whereas clairvoyance not only sees them, but converses with them, examines their inward organisation, ascertains their afflictions, and cures them—*heigh! presto!*

"An Indian lady (says a M. Henia) residing in Paris, and possessed of great magnetic power, was solicited by a lady who accompanied me, to visit her, and give us a proof of the energy of her will. She had a maid servant, whom she kept under the magnetic treatment, and often threw into somnambulism. She was then working in a room entirely separated from us. The Indian lady, on being asked whether her maid should appear before us at her tacit mental bidding, composed herself for a moment, and magnetised her from the room where she then was sitting without speaking or making the slightest motion. A few minutes afterwards, we saw the maid servant step into the room in which we were to inquire of her mistress what was her pleasure." M. Henia then adds, 'that it was not possible he could be deceived, and that he would not have related the fact had he not been convinced by the clearest evidence of its existence.' And after all, is there any thing more astonishing in the transmission of the animal magnetic fluid through intervening opaque bodies, than in the transmission of the galvanic or electric

fluid, which we know permeates matter with incredible velocity?"

The only difference is, that the electric fluid pervading nature is one thing in its inscrutable and universal operations, and the electric fluid, the *primum mobile* of which is in a man's *finger ends*, or an Indian lady's *will*, is another: and, if will can thus produce the effects, why have we, in other cases, all the gesticulations behind doors, and on the other sides of partitions and brick walls. Surely, there can be as little need for these as for the Laplanders' drums, or the sounds which Mesmer held to be essential to the propagation of the magnetic fluid. And truly, as it never can be propagated by *sense*, we are willing to allow that it may by *sound*; but the sounds we pin our faith to are those by which the magnetiser intimates to his tool the semblances to be put on, and the tricks to be played off.

Animal magnetism is, nevertheless, a straightforward sort of thing. It acts in right lines, and has neither curve nor crookedness. This seems to be demonstrated by its penetration of all material obstacles, walls, the covers of letters, snuff-boxes, gentlemen's pockets, &c. &c. by its travelling direct (for there is nothing indirect about it) from any part of the world to any other part; and by its being reflected, in right lines, from the surface of bodies. With all these conveniences, we are rather surprised that the magnetisers of London and Paris, for example, have never thought of putting themselves into magnetic communication with each other. Baron Dupotet might easily place himself *en rapport* with M. Henin, and Dr. Elliotson with M. Chardel; and a great deal of useless and troublesome correspondence, by post, be saved. Indeed, we can scarcely conceive the necessity for the Baron's publishing a book, since he might have taught us all it contains by a little magnetic exertion, throwing his mind into our bodies, and compelling us to subscribe to his opinions.

Animal magnetism sets a person beside himself. Under somnambulism we speak of ourselves in the third person, just as critics do in the plural number. This is very strange.

Animal magnetism possesses a royal virtue. It may revive touching for the evil; and it would be a glorious act to send a large quantity of it to Spain, instead of legions, marines, arms, or treaties.

Animal magnetism is the most successful of antiquarian expositors. It shows that pagan rites and mysteries were all products of electricity. That the ancient fables, oracles, legends, miracles, sibyls, Delphos, &c. &c. &c. are only varieties in the same system.

Animal magnetism has prevailed in the Scotch Highlands, in the shape of second-sight.

Animal magnetism is familiar to Ireland, as the genuine Blarney stone, productive of astounding changes in the human economy.

Animal magnetism is the source of all sorcery and witchcraft, from Endor to Paysegur.

Animal magnetism is not only natural, but super-natural magic.

Animal magnetism is the art by which Prince Hohenlohe performed his cantraps. His straight lines from Germany touching the Irish nun, was a grand specimen of its geometrical force.

Animal magnetism (not to speak it profanely) is, as described and asserted by its professors, equal to account for all the sacred miracles on which Christianity is based.

Who, therefore, can declare whether most of folly and imposture, or of mischief and evil, are implicated in this gross humbug? We are pleased to hear that the London Hospital is no

longer to be the scene of its exhibitions and deceptions; and that some respectable individuals, who had undertaken to examine into its pretensions, have abandoned the task, on finding that the demonstrations could not be given without the presence of those who may be suspected of trick and collusion. Be it remembered that minds strong in other respects, as well as weak minds, may be made abettors in frauds, and, in fact, become the chief helps to imposition, by being themselves imposed upon. We have named Dr. Elliotson as the most zealous apostle of animal magnetism in this country, but we would never impute to that clever and estimable physician the most remote participation in any design to mislead the public. We must, however, consider him to be the blinded victim of cunning and conspiracy. It is a nice thing for any woman to live at ease, and be excellently provided for, during a year or two, in the London Hospital, or elsewhere; and it is well worth their while to club their wits to keep possession of such comfortable board and lodgings. They are acute enough for that; as beggars are in the streets to affect lameness, dumbness, epilepsy, and convulsions, till the bawd, the police, or the magistrate, prescribe their immediate cures. Similar remedies might produce similar effects on the Hospital Somnambules, without resorting to animal magnetism; though it is a positive fact of the belief in its efficacy, that a person declared himself to be an eye-witness to its having removed the hump off a patient's back, which, till then, had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. *Après*, this cure is not reported by Dupotet, and it is worth all those which attract the weekly multitude of half-crowns to his shop in Wigmore Street.

Magnetising a hunch off a fellow's back is more extraordinary than aught in Sir Walter Scott's ghost-stories, or Ferrier's "Illustrations of Witchcraft." And yet, though we must believe in the former, all the evidence produced, strong as it is, has never caused it to be firmly credited that spectres do appear to announce the disagreeable news of approaching death; that ghosts come back to look after their lost purses; or that *previsionably* gifted people take a previous glimpse of their own or their friends' funerals.

In our judgment, it must be much easier to believe the utterly impossible, than the most improbable or the possible. For example, that an infant (see Dupotet) can be made to magnetise an individual, having neither consciousness of what it is doing, nor, consequently, *will* in the operation (thus proving that *will* is not a requisite); and that a patient, equally without consciousness of the proximity or presence of the operator, can be affected to the highest degree of somnambulism; thus proving that *faith* is not necessary. Indeed, the only things necessary seem to be boundless craft, boundless effrontery, and boundless gullibility.

Beside the publication on the nerves, to which we have alluded, we have before us, and more strictly connected with our subject, a very convincing work on "*Animal Magnetism and Homeopathy*," by Edwin Lee, M.R.C.S., &c., which has deservedly reached a second edition.* This little volume ably dissects the question, and exposes

"Such stuff
As dreams are made of;"

of which description, the sleep in magnetic somnambulism decidedly invents the most hetero-

geneous and delirious. In a medical point of view, he shews that Mesmer and his followers induce hysterical affections, &c., by their fantastic and imposing ceremonies, and notices the analogies between the actual effects of this condition of disorder and that proceeding from more natural causes, blowing into thin air all the ridiculous trumpery of the magnetising school. The *Chambres des Crises*, the scandalous purposes of which led to the putting down of Mesmerian *réunions* in Paris, like the equally indecent celestial beds of Graham in London, have entirely passed away; for great excitement must have vent some way or other, and the ecstasies of these electrical fanatics cannot be confined within moral bounds and relations. In this respect also, therefore, is the system obnoxious to reprobation.

One magnetiser (says Mr. Lee, illustrating the absolute and dangerous power it is asserted they possess over their entranced victims) one magnetiser "declares, if cold, you can warm him, if warm, cool him; you blow away his pains, and his pains vanish; you change his tears to laughter, his sorrows to joy. Are his country, his friends, absent? you cause him to see them without seeing them yourself. You can blunt his sensibility if he have to undergo any cruel operation. You transform water into any liquid he desires, or which you deem useful to him—you present an empty glass, he drinks; the movements of deglutition are performed and thirst is appeased—with nothing I have calmed his hunger, with nothing I have served him up splendid dinners."

Were it not for the laughable rhodomontade of such conjuror-boasting, worthy of the front of a booth in Bartholemew fair, where burning tow is chived into magnificent rolls of ribands,—were it not that such a miracle-monger as this ought to be instantly promoted to the mastership of a New Union poor-house, where he could, by the exercise of his talent, feed the hungry, and make joyful the wretched,—were it not, we repeat, for the contempt such impudent charlatany provokes, would it not be right to place in straight waistcoats and solitary imprisonment every fellow who pretends to have under his control, for good or for evil, the minds and actions of other men?

Mr. Lee, however, states facts which may put society quite at ease in this respect. The animal magnetisers will never do more than conveniently serve intrigue, promote imposition, and throw nervous women, or woman-like men, into fits and phantasies. And they can be dispensed with.

"Mademoiselle L. was magnetised eleven times at the Hôtel Dieu, within the period of a month. At the fourth sitting, somnolency, convulsive movements of the neck and face, with other symptoms. At the eleventh sitting, her magnetiser placed himself behind her without making any signs, and without the intention of magnetising, yet she experienced more decided effects than on the preceding trials. A hysterical girl was magnetised several times: at each time there occurred somnolency, with strong convulsive actions. Being placed one day in the same chair, in the same place, at the same hour, and in presence of the same persons, the accustomed phenomena presented themselves, though her magnetiser was absent. A like experiment was made on an epileptic patient, and produced a similar result."

When connivance has been interrupted or baffled, the cases have failed; and where the collusion between the operator and his ally has been defeated, the struggle to carry on the trick through imperfect hints and signals has

been attended with ludicrous mistakes and confusion.

"In a Madame C., living in the same house as the magnetiser, it was proposed to exhibit the mental power possessed by the magnetiser over the magnetised, as also the communication of thoughts between them, without the intervention of speech or gesture; the proposal was accepted by the commissioners, who repaired to the house, and on somnambulism being produced, gave directions in writing to the magnetiser, indicating the actions they desired to see performed, which were to be signified mentally to the somnambulist. Thus, she is first ordered to go and sit on a stool before the piano; she rises and looks at the clock; on being apprised of her mistake, she goes into another room, and, on being again informed of her error, she sits down on her former seat. She is next requested to raise her hand at the same time as her magnetiser, and to lower it at the same time; the two hands are raised simultaneously, but that of Madame C. is lowered in a few minutes. The back of a watch is presented to her; she mistakes the hour, and the number of the hands; she is told to rub her forehead, but she merely extends her hand."

And so it would always be, if the previous arrangements were prevented or altered. *At ways*; for it is no proof to the contrary, that, in trying a hundred experiments, chance directs the apparent success of one of them, and all the others fail. The learned pig and the well-taught Java sparrows accomplished infinitely greater wonders than this; and coincidences, arising out of their habitual practices, were often far more surprising than the brightest feats of Animal Magnetism. But, we have already slightly noticed another fruitful source of deception; *i. e.* when the patients, for the sake of notoriety, subsistence, or reward, not only bamboozle the spectators, but yet, more completely, the magnetiser himself. One Petronilla Leclerc, was the most famous clairvoyante in Paris, and her lucidity affords the strongest proofs ever given of the truths of the science. It was she who, without eyes, saw letters in gentlemen's pockets, knew what brought them to places before the appointed time, told what o'clock it was by her occult, and discovered headaches, &c., in persons whom she touched.

"All this (observes Mr. Lee) sounds very marvellous, and, no doubt, appeared conclusive to the bystanders, of the truth and miraculous powers of magnetism; but, unfortunately for the magnetisers, Petronilla died of phthisis, in the Salpêtrière, in 1833, and repeatedly declared in the latter part of her life, to the *internes* of the hospital, that she had never experienced the least degree of somnambulism, and that she used to laugh in her sleeve at Georget and the others who were present at the experiments. She affirmed that she had passed with Brouillard (another somnambulist) more than one delicious evening in recounting the mystifications of the day, and in preparing those for the morrow. These persons also allowed themselves to be pricked and pinched without evincing pain."

With this we conclude.

Whatever effects heal, magnetism, galvanism, or electricity, may have upon MATTER, they can have none on the IMMATERIAL world: whatever phenomena they may produce on the BODY, they cannot touch the SOUL,

Immortal." "which is a thing

Every pretence beyond the laws of nature is

quackery and delusion; a Drunkard's folly, or a Cheat's imposture.

Queen Berengaria's Courtesy, and other Poems. By the Lady E. Stuart Wortley. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Rickerby; Hatchard and Son.

LADY EMMELINE is certainly an incarnation of Verse. Here are thirteen hundred pages. Others have

"Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,"

but her ladyship must not only have lisped, but continued to think, dream, speak, write, —in short, do every thing in poetry. We cannot imagine her but as a human, living Poem; but yet we believe she is an exceedingly charming person, of a fine disposition, a kind and warm heart, graceful in manners, accomplished in mind, and all that a lady of her high birth and station ought to be in every relation of life, — companion, friend, daughter, wife, and mother. Indeed, her excellent feelings and character are sufficiently shewn in all her compositions, which seem the natural outpourings of a mind even more amiable than it is imaginative, and therefore we are sorry to say, that there is too much for publication, and especially in the existing temper of the reading world. A poetical work in three volumes, in these times, is a literary monster; and Cerberus, with his three heads, might as well expect of having his bark listened to with pleasure.

Yet *Queen Berengaria's Courtesy* is a fanciful and well-told tale; and, among the host of minor pieces, there are many of tenderness and beauty, while others are most careless and faulty in construction, and strained in imagery. We must content ourselves with the shortest specimens we can find—the natural and touching:

"A Last Farewell.

Farewell! Yet 'tis not now, not now we part!
Oh! false that thou hast been, and that thou art—
When changed thy soul—and when thy love was o'er,
'Twas then we parted—and for evermore.
Ay! false and too forgetful that thou art,
Words cannot sever—oceans cannot part:
Like falsehood—treachery—coldness; then, farewell,
Near thee, thus severed, it were death to dwell!"

Poetical:

"The Death of Day.

Day, like a martyr, dies in flames of fire,
To wear a crown of stars, a dazzling wreath
On its pale forehead placed, a kingly tire
To glorify its proud decline and death.
Night, like a mighty mystic mourner seems,
And sweeps with thousand shadows o'er earth's face;
While melancholy splendours—tearful beams—
Seem seeking some lost glory to retrace."

We will not criticise the false gallop of some of the poems, but conclude with an example of the lively, and a fair companion to Mrs. Blackwood's parody of the "Fine Young English Gentleman;" it is called "Parody on the Fine Old English Gentleman."

"We will sing you a very perfect song, made by a perfect pate,
Of a fine Young English Lady fair, whose face is her
Whose features are her fortunes all—Oh! how lucky
'twas that fate
Made this face to be well favoured, so that none could
This fine Young English Lady fair, one of
the present time."

What a fine Young English Lady is, perhaps, you may not know;
Attend a little then whilst I attempt to tell and shew:
For a compound very strange it is, as you will all allow,
When I disclose the truth to you, and bid you make your bow

To this fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

She's made of the vanities in vogue—veils, velvets,
vinaigrettes, [reticules, rosettes,
Flourishes, feathers, fans, flowers, furbelows, ribbands,
Sarcenets, satins, poplins, palm-yreens, gauzes, crapes,
bionds, silks, and nets, [knicks, aluminettes,
Lo! the table strewn with billets doux, cards, knick-
For this fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

Behold her when she first sweeps forth, crowned with all
her conquering charms, [in her arms,
With, perhaps, a choice curl on her cheek, and a pet dog
With pretty sentences by scores, and with playful smiles
by swarms; [your wrath disarms,
If the nonsense which she talks disgusts, why the smile
Of this fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

She can ride like any Amazon, like Bohemian trappers
walk— [chalk,
She can draw in sepia, crayons, ink, oil, water-colours,
in the talkee-talkee lingua versed—Oh! ye gods, how
she can talk;
Nay, all tongues, from the Ethiop's lipping prate, to
the grunt of the Mohawk!—
This fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

Sure our forefathers did wisely act, ev'n those from whom
we're sprung, [mother tongue;
Since they had our stately mothers taught but the ancient
But now the clappers of our belles, they're so wonder-
ously well strung,
Their tongues try every tongue on earth—Oh! what
deafening peals they're rung,
All these fine Young English Ladies fair,
belles of the present time!—

Such a chattering ne'er in Christendom, methinks was
heard before, [their glib trade o'er—
Maggies, monkeys, parrots, starlings, jays, long have given
Long, long have these been silenced all, for they could
be heard no more, [damsels know a score.
May be, since they but one language know, while our
These fine Young English Ladies fair, &c.

Italian, German, Spanish, French, Russian, Dutch, and
Portuguese,
They speak with volubility, and fluency, and ease;
How can they ever fall, indeed, to captivate and please?—
Since their sweet nonsense they can breathe in every one
of these.

These fine Young English Ladies fair, &c.

To the opera and French play so gay, our fair young
lady goes, [those she knows;
And then to some late ball, where she may meet with
With her one thousand friends, she there exchanges nods
and bows, [some repose—
While tires her sleepy chaperon quite, who sighs for
This fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

In her opera box enshrined, but seldom turns she to the
stage, [age,
Though the Grisi and Persiani there, the warblers of the
Sing sweetly to that prisoned bird in her very narrow
cage.

For a delicate flirtation 'tis doth daintily engage
The fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

Her mornings are with milliners and mantua-makers
past, [speed on fast;
And with interests so profound to fill, they doubtless
Long undecided dwells on some question deep of
taste, [cast.
Of vast and dread importance, as the life, hung on this
Of this fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

At fancy fairs she has her stall, where what cart-loads
doth she sell, [can tell;
Of trash and trumpery frippery,—far, far more than I
Behold! what weighty, deep affairs, employ our modern
belle! [look well!—
But her life's most arduous duty yet, must still be—
This fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

At fancy balls—(for charity, as well as fancy fairs)—
The frippery and the trumpery trash herself she kindly
wears—
See the shepherdess of the Upper Alps climbing th' Alps
of crowded stairs! [ails
Or the gentle nun, there playing off all the gay coquetish
Of a fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

Then a fine Young English Gentleman, who drives, hunts,
fishes, skates, [small-talk prates;
To our fine Young English Lady fair he with pleasing
But he praises much her cousin's charms, and his appro-
bation states [the avowed grates
Of Miss Harriet's air, and mien, and face—oh! how
On our fine Young English Lady fair, &c.

What a dolt and blockhead must he be who does not fully
know, [brainless beau!
That his suit could never prosper thus—what a witless,
Oh! there's nothing that they hate, and loathe, and abo-
minate below, [trow,
Like other fine Young Ladies fair with equal charms I
These fine Young English Ladies fair, those
of the present time!"

The Woman of the World; a Novel. By the
Autheoress of the "Diary of a Dénouement."
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

CONSIDERABLE talent, some acquaintance
with, and observation upon, a fashionable class
of society in London and Naples, and lively
sketches of character, are the prominent
features of this novel; which, like all its "order,"
gives us plenty of sloop-French, balls, routes,
déjeunés, intrigues, and other matters which

form the existence of the idle and profligate in the upper circles. The heroine, a heartless plotter with great talent, a beautiful form, and a suspected, or rather a stained, reputation, is well drawn; and the hero (if he can be so called) is not ill painted as her infatuated thrall, not exceedingly gifted with *clairvoyance*, and involved in painful family circumstances by his passion for the irresistible enchantress. Lord Portumna, an unprincipled politician and minister at Naples, with a set of *roué attachés*; Lord Colebrooke, another worthless noble, and a fit father for the woman of the world; Mr. and Mrs. Longman Tomkinson, upstart millionaires; and other foreign, ducal, sporting, political, and dissipated figures, fill up the London canvass, and are contrasted by two or three amiable provincials: as in the action, consumption and death are brought in to vary the tale of frivolity and vice. The authoress has taken some of her studies, if not all, from life; and though overcharged by fancy, or distorted by caustic colouring, there is a good deal of skill in the portraiture, and *vraisemblance* in the circumstances.

We will not encroach on the story, but exemplify our brief remarks by quoting what is said of successful infamy.

"She is certainly quite a woman of the world!" added Lady Mary Mitchell, intending to convey a compliment, "and a most charming creature!" "The great test of merit is success," said St. Leger Kerr. "Lady Adelaide has carried off the best match of the day,—*ergo*, she is the most meritorious woman." The world listened, and confirmed the decree! Season after season does western London rejoice in a few especial mansions, wherein opinions are moulded for dissemination among the multitude. Just as one or two leading mercers decide the fashion of ribands and brocades, one or two leading duchesses constitute the majority that dictates to a minority of five thousand obsequent animalcules, on such trifling matters as taste, morality, "Shakspeare, and the musical glasses."

The rule once issued from these sanctuaries, that Lady Adelaide Harford was to be the most amiable of women and most eligible of acquaintance, was soon made absolute. Inscription in her ladyship's visiting list was canvassed for on every side; no one was considered worth knowing who had not the honour of being known at Harford House. A few of the excluded of the exclusives, chose to hint that, in former times, whisperers had been whispered against the now irreproachable idol of the day. But it is amazing to what a pitch of forgetfulness the great world works itself at will! Could Faunteroy be brought back to life, with a rent-roll of hundreds of thousands, not a creature in London would be brought to recollect that he had ever been tried for forgery, and sentenced to death. They would believe there had once been some foolish reports about the poor man;—but, what then?—People are so very ill-natured!

—Not one among Lady Adelaide's troops of friends could remember having heard a syllable to her disparagement! The Duchess of Kimbolton, who was the stoutest remembrancer of her forgotten trespasses, was talked down, and talked at as a very mischievous woman—*mauvaise langue*—a person to be dreaded and avoided! A season's *fêtes*, and judicious management, added another cubit to the stature of her ladyship's virtue. The plausible truisms, the copperplate-copy axioms of morality with which she garnished her conversation and correspondence, raised her to unparalleled distinction among the common herd of the commonplace. — The piquancies of her confidential

dialogue with Portumna, Bagot, Royston, and others of her *affidés* reached not the ears of the uninitiated; but the sweet smile with which she distributed her *bonbons* of flattery, and scattered her concentrated essence-drops of excellence, charmed all hearts and eyes to her cause. "So obliging, so friendly, so hospitable, so pleasing, so correct, so elegant—so a hundred other bewitching and estimable things, was she who had crushed the existence of one man—the happiness of a second—and imparted baleful recollections to the memories of a score! No matter!—the world is still bowed down to worship. A few, more cunning than the rest, turn aside to conceal a smile as they contribute their mite of applause; but there are good men and true—wise men and learned—among the crowds of dupes who, even at this passing moment, swell her ostentatious triumphs."

Report on the Variations of the Magnetic Intensity, observed at Different Points of the Earth's Surface. By Major E. Sabine, R.A., F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 85. London, 1838.

THIS valuable paper, which will also appear in the forthcoming volume of the British Association, is, we rejoice to see, published in a separate form, with the necessary plates to illustrate its very important data on a subject which is every day growing in interest, till intensity may as properly be applied to the feeling as to the phenomena respecting it. Major Sabine, like Mr. Ainsworth, reviewed in our last Number, is one of the truly worthy and indefatigable workers in the field of science. Acuteness of mind, and soundness of judgment, applied to careful, laborious, and long-continued experiments, are the foundations of his philosophical reasoning; and never were more apparent or conclusive than in this essay. The line of equal intensity (differing from the line of equal dip and the line of equal variation) is demonstrated to be the fittest for promoting a knowledge of this complicated and difficult subject; and our author clearly lays down various laws which are elicited from observations of this nature. But it is quite impossible for us to give the broadest index to the mass of information contained in these pages, with their maps and tables; and we must content ourselves with some of the concluding remarks and recommendations.

"Having in a former report described M. Hansteen's theory of the magnetism of the earth, and given the formulæ for the variation, dip, and intensity deduced from his hypothesis of two excentric axes of unequal force, it may be expected that I should conclude this report by comparing some of the observed intensities with the results computed by the formula. I may, therefore, add a few words to shew that the proper time for a detailed comparison of this kind has not yet arrived, because observation is still in arrear of theory. Until observation has supplied the materials which theory has required for the correct assignment of the elements of calculation, such a comparison could not be otherwise than imperfect. The geographical positions of the magnetic poles in the "Magnetismus der Erde" were derived from observations made between 1787 and 1800, which were insufficient to furnish them in more than a very general manner. Since that period also, changes, of the nature anticipated by M. Hansteen, appear to have taken place in the positions of the poles; which, consequently, require to be assigned afresh (as well as more correctly), in order that the results computed by the formula may represent observations of a more

recent date. The materials proper for this purpose are observations in the vicinity of the magnetic poles themselves. In the northern hemisphere, these are far more ample and exact than at any former period, owing, in great measure, to the interest excited by the publication of M. Hansteen's theory. But the corresponding observations in the southern hemisphere are yet wanting: and, until these are supplied, we cannot advance beyond an anticipation, more or less confident, of the eventual accordance of the hypothesis, when the correct elements of calculation shall have been obtained; and in this view we may, at least, say thus much in regard to the general accordance of the hypothesis with the observations of intensity, that if we omit the consideration of the higher latitudes, where the contemporaneous and correct positions of the magnetic poles are most essential, the formulæ, even with the elements derived from the earlier and less perfect observations, both represents all the leading features of the system, and shews a fair approximation in individual cases. * * *

"I have already adverted to what the influence of the Association may effect, in causing the spaces yet vacant on the map, in the British possessions in India and Canada, to be filled. But, beyond all comparison, the most important service of this kind, which this or any other country could render to this branch of science, would be by filling the void still existing in the southern hemisphere, and particularly in the vicinity of those parts of that hemisphere which are of principal magnetic interest. This can only be accomplished by a naval voyage; for which it is natural that other countries should look to England."

In this we most heartily concur.

STATE PAPERS. [Concluding notice.]

MUCH as we have read of the Border forays, skegges,* raids, murders, executions, burnings, and devastations, we were astonished at the details and descriptions in these volumes. Every feature of humanity seems to have been obliterated in them; and cruelties, worthy of savages alone, to have been practised and gloried in. The destruction of corn, the wasting of the country for miles on each side of the invader's march, the razing of houses, villages, and towns, the battering and demolition of abbeys, and the remorseless slaughter of the people, are deeds of boast and self-gratulation. The miseries inflicted are almost beyond belief. On one of the most merciless of these occasions, when Lord Hertford ravaged the Merse and Teviotdale, burning Kelso, Dunse, and Jedburgh, and destroying Kelso, Melrose, Dryburgh, and other abbeys, the English were assisted by fifteen hundred Spaniards, who landed at Newcastle, and by a number of Galloglasses from Ireland, who look to the work of desolation with more zeal than the native forces. Some curious things are noticed, respecting these foreign allies, who seem to have fought fiercely and courageously. What became of them at last is not stated. Did any of them settle in the country? and have we any of their line or language remaining to be traced in our day?

In one place, we find a Border-quarrel ensue about a hawk; but we may give one example of the barbarities to which we have alluded, in Hertford's inroads (1546). After slaying its defenders, and defacing the Abbey of Kelso (which he in vain tried to make a fort of), he writes—

"Ferthermore, like as we did wryte what

* Skegg is a raid on a small scale.

we intended in our said last letters, so have we, Sir Henry Knyvet and Sir Robert Bowes, by thappoyment of me, the said Erle, ben yesterday with thorsemen of this Yourre Majesties armye at Melrose, about ten myles hens, where we have brent thabbeys and the towne, and taken, in oure way homewardes to our campe, thabbeys of Drybrughe, whiche we brent also, with at the lest 13 or 14 townes and and villagies in the countrey aboutes, bothe in oure passage and retorne, where we have destroyed and brent no lytell quantitie of corne; insomuche as yt ys thought and spoken here by the gentlemen of the Bordres and others, that there was not somuche hurte done in Scotland with fyere at one roode this hundred yeris, except the laste journey to Edinburgh. To day and tomorrow we shall not be ydle, but with oure horsemen be doing styll, yn whiche tyme we shalhave well defaced the abbey here of Kelso, and wasted the countrey hereabouts. And on Twisdaye next (God willing) we shall remove our campe, and marche with tholl armye to Jedworthe, intending, when we shalhave brent the same, to retorne to Warke, brennyng and wasting the countrey in our waye aboute us, as we maye; so that we think on Thursday or Fryday night to be at Warke, where we shall provide afore to receyve a newe refreshing of victuall agaynst our arryvall there. And hearyng tell that the Governour ys about, by all the wayes and meanes he can, to assemble a power wherewith to repayre unto us, we shall unpon our arryvall at Warke harken what they woll do. And, althoughe yt may be that they shalbe redy to come to us, afore we retorne to Warke, yet, yf they so do, we shalhave suche respect therunto, that, with Godes grace, we shalbe able to retyre our siffes to Warke, yf we see suche cause, maugre theym all. And, in case they being so assembled shall unpon our retyre attempte to pursue us, or to make any invasion within Your Majesties frontiers, for the revenge of suche waste and distruction as we have and shall now make in their countrey, we shall remayne still in oure force upon the frontiers, able to abide there malyce, and to repulse theym we doubt not (God willing) to Your Majesties honor and there displeasure."

Fine things to talk of "God's grace," and "God willing," to have done!

We must now, however, conclude; which we do with a few brief extracts. Here is a character of the Scotch, by one Priestman, the murderer of a herald, under examination:

"Item being examined, whatt suppartation or socour they had within Skotland besides the King, saith, none; and saith that the nature of Skottes is, not to have their handes nor their purses open to any man, but full of envie and crueltie."

A list of Scottish prisoners, taken at the battle of Solway Moss, has, also, some odd items, in a list of some of their lands and substance in goods. *Ex gr.* :—

"Henry Maxwell, brodyr to the Lord Maxwell in landes per annum nothinge, and in goods nothinge."

This is, truly, the laird's younger brother; and the next is little better :—

"John Lisle younger, sonne to thErle of Rothers, is no thinge wourthe; but his fadyrs inheritance is 2500 merkes Scottishe, which is sterling 625 merkes, and he is wourth in goods 2000 merkes Scottishe, which is sterling 500 merkes."

Pledges are given for some of the prisoners, who are, consequently, released; and we read among them :—

"ThErle of Casselles to put in pledge for him Davye and Arthure his bretherne, and the Lorde of Coyf :—to my Lorde of Yorke. ThErle of Glencarne to put in for him Saunder his eldest sonne, and one of his others sonnes :—to my Lorde of Westmerlande. The Lorde Flemynge, to put in for him his sonne and heyre, and the Lord Hoo, with a scole master :—to my Lorde of Cumberlande. * * * Olyver Sinclair for him and his two bretherne, to put the Lorde Crosbroughes sonne and heyre :—to the Lord Scroope."

The Duke of Norfolk, when sick, in a letter to Cromwell (1537), gives a horrid account of Scotch weather :—

"Assuredlie, though ye be the person nexte my Maister, whose advise I wold followe afore all others, yet in this mater I wold not do the same for all the gold in London; for, and I shold tary here when the cold time of the yere shold comme, I knowe surely my deathe shold shortly insewe withowte remedy. For, notwithstanding it is nowe in the hete of the somer, yet I goo as warme on my body and legges, as I do in wynter; and yet, if I take any cold, incontinent the lax commythe agayne, and so sore, that for the tyme it dothe last it doth plucke my stomake clere away. And howe I shold defend me against the cold in this contrey, when it shall passe Michaelmas, I reporte me to your good Lordshippe, unles I shold contynewally kepe me in a warme chamber, withowte goying owte in to the aier, fro wich I can not absteyne; for, and I did, my stomake of eatyng shold be sone taken away; and, that begynnynge to fayle in an old man, death must shortly folowe. My Lord, this contrey is more cold, than those, that hath not experimented the same, wold beleve. Wherefore, myne owne good Lord, if ye woll have my liff to contynewe any tyme, helpe that His Majesties promise, made to me in his last letters, may be observed."

King James, having received a horse in a present from his uncle, writes thus for some others :—

"And forthir We thank Zou, derrest uncle, gretlie, of Zour gud determined mynd to send unto Ws ane present of sick geldingis as may be to our plesoure and contentatioun, quhairin Ze, derrest uncle, schewis ye tendre affection and kyndlie luff Ze beir unto Ws. And to know our desyre in yat behalf, We presentlie desyris of Zou, yat Ze wald gif zour licence unto zour liegis to sell to our ministres and servantis sick geldingis, as may be sene and knowing unto yame moist commodius and convenient to oure use, to ye nומר of twenty-four, at diverse tymes; and of yame, sextene swift trottand geldingis, and ye residue well goying hacknayis; quhairin, derrest uncle, Ze sall nocht alanerlie do Ws grette plesoure, bot als mak Ws unto Zou addettit to remember Zou agane with sick plesouris, as We may gett, to ye interteneyng of our mutuale kyndnes and luff."

Of wines, in those days, we copy a notice in a letter from Sadleyr, the ambassador in Edinburgh, to Lord Suffolk :—

"As for your wyne, I thinke it wooldbe verie harde to gett any here, beyng suche scarceltie therof as there is, and the price is very dere, at 8 and 9£ sterling the tonne. I have moche adoo to gett anye for money for my selfe to spende here and 40^s I paye for a hoggeshed, and sumtymes more. Nevertheless, if it maye please you either to send a bote hither, for the whiche I shall procure a saulconduct from the Governour, or elles if it shall lyke you to send

a saufe conduct for summe fyssher man to repayre to Barwycke for the conveyance thither of your wine; if I can gett anye, I shall unpon your advertisement thereof, doo the best I can to provide you of twoo tonne, according to your desier; whiche I promyse your Lordship I thinke wooldbe verie harde to com by."

With this, we finish; and have only again to say that history, topography, and ancient manners, all receive very valuable illustration in these pages.

SPENCER'S CIRCASSIA.

[Conclusion.]

We left off with some notice of the origin of the Abasians, but, whencesoever derived, "no people (we are informed) are more superstitious, none more prone to put their faith in every species of spell and charm, than the Caucasians, particularly the inhabitants of Upper Abasia, which commences at Djook. The most common form of divination I observed, and which was repeatedly practised during our stay at Djook, was to take a handful of barleycorns, made up of some specific number, but which I now forget, and then divide them into seven small heaps, placed at certain distances from each other, and according to fixed rules; they are then counted, and the corresponding numbers supposed to predict the failure or success of the enterprise about to be commenced. It was really ludicrous to observe the solemn countenances of my konak and the other elders and chiefs during the time the astrologer was reading the fate of their journey, convinced as they no doubt were of the infallibility of the augury. But when the little magic corns announced to me an unpropitious termination to my own tour home, nothing could exceed their vexation and anxiety. Such, indeed, is their implicit belief in these unmeaning spells, that few will undertake any important enterprise when their horoscope is clouded by gloomy forebodings; consequently, they unanimously joined in entreating me to remain for a few days till the good spirit should be propitiated by prayer and sacrifice. Another very common charm was, to throw the blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton into the fire, when the number of cracks produced, and the direction to which they point, whether east, west, north, or south, is supposed to indicate with certainty the fate of an enterprise. In addition to these, the various changes of the moon, and the aspect of the stars, are also consulted. Certain birds or animals that may cross their path during a journey, together with such persons first met on leaving home, who may be blessed or cursed with particular coloured eyes and hair, are all omens of good or evil; and as all these, and many others, influence the decision of a Circassian in any work he may be about to commence, we must wonder, when we take into account the difficulty of finding all these indexes of fortune pointing at the same moment to success, that he undertakes any dangerous enterprise."

Another form, connected with invocation, struck us as peculiarly fine and appropriate. A Karatchai princess, with her calcade of knights and fair dames, is being conducted to her bridegroom, by his brother; and the whole cortege is worthy of description, though our report applies only to the close.

"The princess and her principal women were dressed in scarlet mantles, trimmed with gold lace, and large hats, turned up in front with bands of gold lace and buttons, and ornamented here and there with gold coins. The mantles were stamped with the mark of

venerable antiquity in the variety of shades,—in one place faded, in another mended with pieces of a brighter colour; they had probably been heir-looms in the family for centuries, and, from some superstitious motive, never worn except on occasions like the present, which called for more than an ordinary display of oriental grandeur. It could not, however, have been from poverty, or any scarcity of cloth among this people, as they are famous all over the Caucasus for their manufactures of wearing apparel. The princess was merely distinguished from her youthful companions by the immense size of the scarlet saddle-cloth that covered her horse, the ends of which nearly reached the ground. It was showily decorated with gold embroidery, and appeared quite as much entitled to be respected for its age as the mantles and the hats. A noble rode on each side of the horse of his mistress, to take especial care that it did not shy or make any false step which might endanger the life of its precious burden. It was, however, a very unnecessary precaution, and, probably, was part of the ceremonial observed on these occasions, for not one of the noble knights who attended her sat firmer in the saddle, than the fair princess herself. Several of the male attendants, of inferior rank, in addition to the usual weapons worn by the mountaineers, were armed with hatchets, for the purpose of cutting down the brush-wood that might impede the progress of the cortège, and for making rafts on which to transport the ladies and their baggage across the rivers, should it be found necessary. In the midst of all this grandeur and assumption of state, it was not a little ludicrous to see the stock of provisions, composed of barley and other meal, in bags, bottles of the skhou, and shoulders and legs of mutton, dangling from their saddle-bows. The princess and her principal women wore large transparent white veils, which did not appear altogether destined to conceal their pretty features from observation, as, with the exception of one or two, the faces of all were in great part uncovered. It might be that only the old, or those not handsome, availed themselves of the shade of the muslin, for the others were really extremely beautiful, especially the princess, whose noble mien, and animated, commanding features, realised all we can imagine of an Amazon of old. The expression of her countenance was very different from that feminine gentleness which distinguishes the beauties of our own country, being rather the eye and character of one who could rule a kingdom, command an army, or set the world in a blaze. I could not sufficiently admire the courteous bearing of the fine youth who had been delegated by his brother to conduct his bride to her future home. He leaped from his horse, and, after respectfully saluting her, in a manner that would have done honour to any one of the most gallant knights of the middle ages, drew his sword, and proceeded to make a long, and I dare say eloquent, oration; but, as it underwent a double translation, I have no doubt its force and spirit were proportionably injured. He commenced by praising her beauty, comparing her eyes to the diamonds, her cheeks to the roses of Arianoi (Persia), and her form to the graceful antelope. Neither did he forget to eulogise the virtues and bravery of the bridegroom, his brother,—the number of enemies he had slain in battle, the courage of the bands of warlike clansmen who called him lord, the fertility of the country she was about to adopt as her own, and the vast flocks and herds of which she was to become the sole mistress.

Then, turning the point of his sword alternately to the four quarters of the globe, swore he would protect her safely till he could deliver her to his brother, even at the sacrifice of his life and of the lives of his escort, should it become necessary—a declaration responded to by the whole band with loud acclamations."

Up in the mountains we hear, "The inhabitants of this alpine desert were such as we only find amidst scenery of this description: the mountain-raven, with its blood-red bill and scarlet legs, disturbed in its solitary nest, flew over our heads, croaking its doleful note; the eagle, monarch of this dreary region, soared still higher to seek some retreat uninvaded by the footsteps of dreaded man; and the gigantic vulture, securely perched on the peak of a lofty crag, boldly looked down as we passed; while the growling of the bear, the hideous screaming of the jackal, and the howl of the wolf, repeatedly fell on our ears from the dense forests around us; at the same time, the chamois and wild-goats bounded from pinnacle to pinnacle, whose altitude was so great that the animals appeared like so many squirrels. Of these goats there are two kinds, very common in this part of the Caucasus. The one is the well-known ibex, and the other, which roves about in herds, is a splendid animal, somewhat resembling the goat of Europe in shape, but much larger, and with limbs as slender as those of a deer, and long curved horns. Their flesh is not more esteemed by the mountaineers than their skins, which, on account of the fine long hair, are always used by some of the tribes as carpets, when kneeling in prayer, being connected with a superstitious idea that their prayers will then be responded to by the Great Spirit."

Having so far illustrated the work from what relates to its most interesting subject, we must be content to leave Imeritia, Mingrelia, &c. &c. to the readers, who will, no doubt, seek our author in his own page, and conclude our notice with an extract relative to the Armenians.

"The Armenians are in Asia what the Jews are in Europe—dealers in silver and gold, and are engaged in every branch of trade which does not require manual labour; and, like them, they form an entirely distinct race from the nations among whom they dwell, differing from them in religion, manners, and customs; and, also, like the tribes of Israel, their individuality as a people is marked in their physical conformation, in characters which cannot be mistaken. In every commercial transaction they exhibit a degree of cunning, shrewdness, tact, and, it must be added, selfishness, unapproached by any other people; for, if a farthing of profit is to be extracted from a bargain, an Armenian is certain to make it. In these propensities they completely exemplify the Turkish proverb, which says—'A Greek can cheat a Turk; a Jew will cozen a Greek; but an Armenian will trick not only a Jew, but Schaitan (the devil) himself; and where an Armenian is, a Jew must starve.' During the various invasions of Persia and Turkey by Russia, the Armenians rendered that power, as guides, spies, and agents, the most important services; in return for which, they enjoy many privileges as settlers in the empire, and, as merchants and pedlars, are fettered with few restrictions. Notwithstanding the ruling passion of the Armenians is avarice, they can be faithful, as they are engaged in preference to any other people by the Circassians, as ambassadors to Turkey and Persia, and as guides when they pass through the dominions of the

Autocrat. This servile submission to the will of the Circassian knights, I am inclined to think, arises more from fear than attachment or respect, as they well know that, if they break their faith with the inexorable sons of the Caucasus, their whole family would probably be exterminated; for, of every other crime in the eyes of that people, not excepting murder, treachery is the most abhorred, and the most severely punished. A catastrophe, exemplifying this feeling, occurred not long since in Constantinople. A Turk betrayed a Circassian knight of the Eastern Caucasus into the power of the Russian general; and as the bravery of the chief had been very troublesome, he was shot. The Turk escaped, with the reward of his treachery, to Constantinople, where, having changed his name and place of abode, he hoped to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth in security; but, no! One morning, after a few months had elapsed, the dead bodies of himself and family, dreadfully mangled, were found in the streets of Constantinople, with a Circassian dagger stuck in the throat of the delinquent. Who had done the deed none could tell, nor in what manner the assassin had escaped; the weapon, however, indicated that, in all probability, the hand of the avenger had been that of a Caucasian."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Architectural Illustrations and Account of the Temple Church, London. By R. W. Billings, Associate of the Institute of British Architects. 4to. pp. 55. London, 1838. Boone.

THIRTY-ONE plates illustrate this volume, the first that has ever attempted to do justice to one of the most interesting ecclesiastical structures in the metropolis or the country. They reflect great credit on Mr. Billings' perseverance and skill; and the whole is a welcome contribution to the antiquarian and architectural library. Mr. B. has thought it best to confine himself to quotations from Stowe and other authors in regard to facts relating to this church; but Mr. Edward Clarkson has prefixed a curious essay on the symbolic evidences which the building affords of its connexion, through its founders, the Knights Templars, with gnostic idolatries and other mysteries and heresies,—the Assassins, Magian, Manichean, &c. &c. &c. This is a very recondite inquiry, and we should despair of rendering it intelligible without printing much more than our space can allow. But it is a singular and striking subject; and Mr. Clarkson has bestowed much learning upon its discussion. We would, therefore, advise the perusal of his opinions, and an examination of the church, to see where its series of tauts, its pillars, and points of free-masonry, throw a light on matters of extreme curiosity, and, unquestionably, embrace many topics which the human mind is anxious to investigate.

Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries; Edited from the Original MSS. in the British Museum and the Libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Vienna. By Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1838. Nichols and Son; Paris, Techener; Leipzig, Brockhaus. THE productions of the middle ages, which Mr. Wright has here resuscitated, are not only generally curious as examples of the literature and feelings of the period, but offer so many illustrations of manners, history, and peculiar habits, that we have derived much entertain-

ment from their perusal. They consist of "Miracles and Mysteries," "The Comedia Babilonica and Geta," "The Descriptio Norfolciensium," and some songs from the Arundel MS. The "Mysteries" are strange and rude; the songs display much talent; the "Babilonia and Geta" have also striking passages; and the ascription of a set of follies to the good folks of Norfolk, like the Wiltshire Moon-rakers, and the elder Goroos of the East, is a droll sample of mediæval humour. The volume is a literary curiosity.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, CIV.: History of England, continued from the late Sir James Mackintosh. By W. Wallace, Esq. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

This volume contains the reign of James II., and has been carefully and diligently constructed from the best existing authorities. Mr. Wallace has spared neither pains nor research; and a list of the works he has consulted would shew that he has devoted to his allotted task all the ability which belongs to his literary character. To thread the mazes of duplicity, intrigue, and treachery, which belong to this degrading period of English history, is a disgusting duty; and to elicit the precise, or all the truth, from these labyrinths, what never can be expected from the labour of man. More and more involved by the artifices and passions of political and religious contention, the keenest intellect can only detect facts here and there, and correct some few of the misrepresentations which have obtained currency from interested sources and factious partisanship. Intense selfishness, and an almost utter extinction of public principle, poison the springs of information; and though time may allow the stream to run a little clearer, so much of the original pollution must remain, that it is difficult—impossible—to form a correct judgment respecting many of the actors and circumstances of this eventful era. Mr. Wallace seems to lean towards the side of the deposed monarch and his Romish faith; and when we consider how the Yorkists were defamed after their adversaries of Lancaster reached the throne, we may readily suppose that James and the Romanists were not treated with feelings of more partial favour by the Protestant ascendancy, which pushed them from the throne and from rank and power. It is natural, therefore, to suppose, that later inquiries would reverse some of their decrees; and, in this volume, such is the case. Altogether, it is well written, compact, and interesting.

Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptations. By R. Mudie, author of "The Heavens," "The Four Seasons," &c. &c. Pp. 294. Orr and Co.

MR. MUDIE has here given us the first volume of a contemplated series of four volumes (which may, however, be read with advantage in a separate form), the object of which is to shew that the human body is organised and adapted not for purposes which its earthly career could accomplish, but for a higher and more lasting destiny. A great deal of valuable matter is collected in illustration of his subject, and we can fairly recommend the work to the general reader as one of an instructive and improving class.

Westwood's Classification of Insects, Part III. (London, Longman and Co.)—Continues to deserve all the praise we bestowed on the opening No. *Thiers's History of the French Revolution.* (London, Bentley.)—Four more numbers (35, 6, 7, 8.)—with portraits of Desmoulins, Bonaparte, and Hoche, and the sad scene of the summons of the king to execution, and the appropriate illustrations. The publication is, we observe, to be henceforward every fortnight, and the

whole is announced to be completed in forty-five numbers.

The Complete Works of Shakespeare; with Alexander Chalmers' Life and 40 Illustrations. 13mo. pp. 708, double columns. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford; London, Orr and Co.)—A cheap edition, and well worthy of a niche on the book-shelf, as containing all the plays and poems.

Southey's Poetical Works, Vol. IX. (London, Longman and Co.)—Roderick, the Last of the Goths, with a charming illustration, Toledo, engraved by E. Finden, after T. Creswick.

Hints on Study, &c., by a late Member of the Middle Temple. Pp. 190. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Taylor and Walton.)—A volume of very excellent and useful advice to young persons entering upon life.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 25. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Members were elected. Read, extracts from the following papers and letters: 1. From the log-book of the ship Argyll, Thomas Sandys, Esq. commander, stating that, on the 18th November, 1837, on the route from Singapore to Canton, by the Palawan Passage, in lat. 11° N., long. 117° 32' E. of Greenwich, he saw a coral reef with only four fathoms of water on it, which is not marked in our charts.—2. A letter, dated Jerusalem, April 29, 1838, from M. de Berton. "The purpose of my journey being to determine, by levels and observation on the currents of waters, if the Dead Sea had a basin peculiar to itself, I directed my course towards its southern extremity. On my road I passed the bed of a torrent, called by the Arabs Wadi Zoara, near which is a small fortress, named Kala' at el Zoara: cisterns hollowed out of the rock, and a spring of fresh water, mark the site of an ancient city. Could this have been the Zoar of the Scriptures? We shortly reached the entrance of the Wadi el Arabah, after passing the southern extremity of the lake, and remarked the bed of its winter torrent, from 250 to 300 yards in width, with perpendicular banks of 50 yards, more like the channel of a great river; and if the slope were not visible towards the north, one should exclaim on seeing it, This is, indeed, the bed of the Jordan. After travelling in a southerly direction for nineteen hours from the entrance of the channel, we reached the line of separation of waters, flowing north to the Dead Sea, and south to the Gulf of Akabah. The Arabs know this spot well, by the name of 'El Sattre.' The centigrade thermometer here gave 97°·6 as the temperature of boiling water. I met with no other vestige of human labour throughout El Arabah than a quantity of rude signatures, traced by the Arabs upon a very friable siliceous rock. On the 8th of April we reached Akabah, whence I visited the tomb of Aaron and the ruins of Petra, and returned by Hebron to the Latin convent at Jerusalem; which, by my observations, is above 2230 feet higher than the level of the Mediterranean at Beirût. I hope that this short journey will establish the fact, that the valley known by the name of El Arabah (supposing no convulsion of nature) never could have been the continuation of the bed of the Jordan."—3. 'Report of the Third Expedition into the Interior of British Guayana,' by Mr. Schomburgk, dated February 20, 1838, at Cura-sawaka, in lat. 3° 50' N., long. 58½° W. "My former letters of November 18," says Mr. Schomburgk, "would make the Society acquainted with my proceedings as far as Watû Ticaba. [See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1115.] Quitting this plain, then, on the 25th of November, we journeyed twenty-five miles, in an easterly direction, along the northern part of the Cara-waymí mountains, rising about 2500 feet above the plain, as far as the banks of the river Guidarú; thence to

the south-east, for about forty-five miles, through dense woods and swamps, to the banks of the Cuyuwini (one of the western effluents of the Essequibo, or Sipû), on which we embarked in some small native canoes, termed woodakins, and descended its course in an E. N. E. direction for forty miles to its junction with the Sipû, in lat. 2° 17' N., long. 57° 5' W. The course of the Cuyuwini is obstructed by numerous granitic boulders; and, in two places, I discovered the same Indian picture-writing alluded to in my former reports. The Cuyuwini, at its junction with the Essequibo, is ninety yards wide, with a depth of sixteen feet; the latter river is 180 yards wide, with an average depth of twenty-two feet; its banks well wooded, but not so luxuriantly as lower down its course. From this point, about seventy miles above William the Fourth's cataract, we began the ascent of the Essequibo in a south-westerly direction; to the eastward, in lat. 1° 40' N., were the Wanguwai, or mountains of the sun, rising 3000 feet above the river; several small streams were passed, flowing in both from the east and from the west. In lat. 1° 24' we quitted the main branch of the Essequibo, and, ascending a south-eastern tributary for a few miles, we abandoned our canoes, and shortly after reached a settlement of Woyawai Indians. Here, the forest being cleared away, I obtained a fine view of the mountain range termed the Sierra Acaray on our maps, stretching far away to the N.E. and S.W., which here appears to be the direction of the chain: the mountain ridges were sharp, many of them peaked; they averaged from 3000 to 4000 feet in height, and were wooded to the summit. Continuing our journey to the southward, on Dec. 19, in lat. 1° N., we reached the line of separation of waters flowing to the Amazons and to the Essequibo, and shortly after came upon the banks of the river Assinari, a tributary of the Amazons, and flowing to the southward. Dec. 21, late at night, we reached a settlement of Barokoto Indians; and, fortunately, the weather, which had been chiefly rainy, cleared up, and enabled me to obtain five meridian altitudes of stars, which give the position of the settlement in 0° 12' south latitude, whence it appears that we had crossed the equator about noon of that day. The very rainy weather obliged me to give up all hopes of prosecuting my researches along the range of mountains; and I, therefore, resolved to return to the banks of the Essequibo, and to follow its windings in a S.W. direction towards its source. We found the river very narrow, the navigation much impeded by trunks of trees, and the current running at the rate of two miles and a half an hour. After two days we left our canoes, and, forcing our way through the dense forest that bordered its banks, we reached the source of the Essequibo on the 27th Dec. in lat. 0° 41' N., long. 58½° W. nearly. Thus has this great river of British Guayana, extending in a north and south direction through upwards of six degrees of latitude, been explored from its outlet to its source. The vegetation of the upper river differs considerably from that of the fourth and fifth parallels. Here the arborescent myrtle and a highly odiferous *Eugenia* replace the *Mora*, *Yarura*, and *Mimosa* of that latitude. Few animals are to be seen, and hardly any birds, with the exception of an occasional heron, or an eagle soaring high in the air. The river abounds with fish; among others, we caught the *Haimura*, from 12 to 16 lbs. weight. As we supposed ourselves to be

the first Europeans who had reached this spot, we hoisted the British union flag, and secured it firmly to one of the lofty trees that surround the source, there to remain till time destroys it. On our descent we found the river swollen, and saw traces of its having formerly risen 29 feet above its present level. On the 6th Jan. we reached the mouth of the Cuyuwini, which we ascended as far as the landing-place of the Tarumas, whence we crossed the savannahs to the Rupunini, and descended to Curasawaka, where we arrived on the 20 Feb., after an absence of upwards of three months.—4. 'Notes on Cloudy Bay, in New Zealand,' by Lient. Symonds, 74th regiment. The brief account of this bay is extracted from the private journal of his brother, Captain Symonds, R.N., who has lately visited New Zealand in H.M.S. *Battlesnake*. The bay contains within it an excellent port, called Cloudy Harbour, which is described as one of the finest natural basins in the world: no rocks—deep water—and sheltered from all winds; pigs, fish, potatoes, wood, and water, in great abundance and of excellent quality. The bay is much frequented by the black whale, and from thirty to forty boats are employed whaling. Mr. Symonds's paper was accompanied by a letter addressed to the Society, stating it to be his intention shortly to proceed to New Zealand, for the purpose of exploring portions of these little-known islands, and proposing to devote two years to the expedition. The president said, that the council of the Society, fully approving of Mr. Symonds's proposal, had resolved to furnish him with the requisite instruments for his journey, and warmly to recommend his plan to the notice of Her Majesty's government. 5. 'On the Possibility of the Tchadda being the Outlet of the Lake Tchad,' by Captain W. Allen, R.N. The little knowledge we have gleaned, with immense sacrifice, in the interior of Africa, appears still more scanty until brought together and combined; and the isolated relations of individual travellers sometimes contain facts apparently unimportant, and sometimes at first sight at variance with others; whereas, a careful examination of all the data will frequently reconcile conflicting statements, and, by bringing one traveller to the assistance of another, will enable us to throw considerable light on this interesting inquiry. Among the desiderata, there are two very important points; viz. the verification and connexion of the various geographical positions, and the still unsolved problem of the nature of the lake Tchad, as to whether it be a still water or have an outlet. The first of these objects is attainable by means of the bearings and distance which Clapperton gives of Rabba from Kulpá. In my voyage up the Quorra, in 1833, I had the opportunity of fixing the position of Rabba by good chronometer observations, and have, therefore, been able to correct his estimated longitudes at Bussah, Kano, Sakatú, Kuka, &c.; also, by the ascertained position of Fandah, to correct Lander's Itinerary to Durnora, and to obtain an approximate position of Jakoba, which have aided me very much in the subsequent inquiry. The information I received from the natives in the interior, made me suspect that Major Denham might have been mistaken when he asserted the lake Tchad to be a still-water; and those who know the difficulties which travellers encounter, especially in Africa, will readily allow that he might have been deceived as to the direction of the current in a very winding river. I have been induced, therefore, to inquire into, and endeavour to combine the re-

lations of the Arabian geographers, as well as the travels of natives and of our own countrymen. The former all speak of a large river flowing from the east through the region which an outlet from the lake Tchad might be supposed to occupy; Denham, however, mentions another river, the Yeou, as clear, deep, and rapid at its communication with the lake; the water of which is said to be perfectly sweet, which is generally considered a proof that a sheet of water is not stagnant. The river Shary cannot be this outlet, as it is very circumstantially described by Denham as passing into the lake on its southern shore, and forming a delta at its mouth; he had paddled on it against the stream. Following, therefore, the route of Clapperton, on the banks of the river in question, it will be found that he traced it as far as a place called Zanjeia, at the foot of some hills 360 miles from the lake. The whole of this tract he found was traversed and intersected by the subdivision of the stream; and he declares the soil to be entirely alluvial—that is, it was at the common river level. He left the basin of the Yeou at this place, and crossed the hills; but, at a distance of not more than fifty miles, at Karifo, Lander passed a large river and two small ones flowing from the eastward, or from the spot where Clapperton left the river level. On his way to Durnora, Lander travelled at the foot of some mountains, seen by Clapperton at Zanjeia, to the south; but, on his return to Zaria, he crossed and re-crossed a "large noble river," in such a manner, that there can be no doubt of its identity with the first flowing to the westward, or from the basin of the Yeou. Lander also travelled over level land all the way from Kuttup on his return, until he crossed this large river at Eggebee; so that there is positive evidence of an alluvial, or river level, from the lake Tchad to Zanjeia on one hand, and from Karifo to Kuttup on the other; with an unknown space intervening of about thirty miles. This space must be occupied either by elevated land, separating the basins, or there must be a valley between the hills at Zanjeia and the blue mountains seen opposite, through which the river might flow. That the latter is the case is almost equally proved, since Lander saw a large river and two small ones (branches), forming from the direction of that valley; he being at the entrance of it. The probability is, therefore, that the streams flowing through these basins, or valleys, and traced by Clapperton and Lander respectively, are one and the same river. It is almost equally certain, that this large river is identical with, or falls into, the Tchadda, near Jakoba; since the last time it was crossed by Lander, it was flowing towards that city, at the distance of a day and a half. All accounts agree that the river Tchadda, which falls into the Quorra, passes by Jakoba. It resembles the Yeou in the clearness of its waters, which I noticed particularly at Dagbó, seven days from Jakoba. Thus it appears, that the alluvial level and a large river have been traced, with little interruption, from the lake Tchad to the confluence of the river Tchadda with the Quorra; and if these breaks, or interruptions, be not considered sufficient to disprove the continuity of the stream, it must be acknowledged that this large river, under its various names, which are probably generic, flows from the lake Tchad, and is the outlet thereof. This is deduced from the appearance of the streams and the country through which they pass. The hypothesis receives strong confirmation from the concurrent testimony given by

natives, independently to Clapperton, Lander, Laird, and myself; and which may be thus summed up:—1st. Clapperton was informed that the Yeou had its origin in mountains near Jakoba. 2dly. Lander was informed that the river flowing near Jakoba, had its origin in the lake Tchad. Lastly, Laird, Lander, and myself, were told that canoes can go from the Quorra to the lake Tchad on one water. In opposition to this evidence, comes the positive assertion of Denham, and the apparent belief of Clapperton, that the Yeou flows to the eastward into the lake, and that this has no outlet. However, they describe the river as so very winding, and so difficult of access, on account of prickly under-wood on its banks, &c. that it is possible they were mistaken in the direction of the current. Waving, for a moment, this positive assertion, the conclusion to be drawn from their description is, that the river runs out, and not into the lake; as the further it is from the lake, the more important it becomes, having received, probably, some tributary streams; and, *ceteris*, the increase in the volume of a river is below its effluents. Again, the characteristics of the discharge of a lake by a river, may be said to be clearness, depth, rapidity, and singleness. Those of a discharge of a river into a lake, are generally turbid, shallow, sluggish, and divided waters. The Yeou is said to possess all the former at its *embouchure*; and it is hardly probable that it would re-unite the branches by which it surrounds Wangara, in order to discharge itself by a single channel, in an alluvial country of its own formation; although its waters must be collected to escape through the valley, or pass near Zanjeia. Thus, if this hypothesis be correct, the Tchadda, than the long-celebrated Quorra, is the outlet of the lake Tchad; drains the lofty Komri, or Mountains of the Moon, and affords uninterrupted water communication, probably, to the very centre of Africa. It is a curious fact, that the Mendefey mountains, seen by Denham in Mandara, lie, in their corrected position, exactly in the line of direction of the volcanic islands in the Atlantic; or in a continuation of a N.E. by N. line from St. Helena, through Annobom, St. Thomas, Prince's, Fernando Po, the Camaroon Mountains—an extent of more than 1500 miles.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

LORD BRAYBROOKE in the chair.—At the meeting on Thursday afternoon, thirty-six fellows were elected. Balance carried to account for July 1st, 1359*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* The council announced, that since the last meeting an addition had been made to the funded capital, to the extent of 60*l.*; directions were given to invest in the reduced 3 per cents a further sum of 720*l.* The number of visitors to gardens and museum in June was 38,444. Within the last ten days an experiment has been commenced, which, if successful, will materially diminish the constant expense of the menagerie. It consists of the partial substitution of horseflesh for beef, as the food of the carnivori. The horses slaughtered for this purpose are previously inspected by the medical superintendent, and the change is made cautiously, and the results are carefully watched. On the 25th of June, a mare, in low condition, and without any inflammatory complaint, was killed at the gardens, having been previously examined by the medical superintendent. The carcass, when cut up, looked perfectly healthy; it was given to two tigers, four leopards, one lion, one puma, five hyenas, three eagles, two wolves, and five vultures: they all ate it just as readily as they used to devour their former meat,

and not the slightest ill consequence has ensued. The male specimen of that splendid bird, the Reeve's pheasant, now in the gardens, sinking under the gradual infirmity of age, the only chance of preserving the breed of that beautiful bird was by obtaining the loan of the young male belonging to Sir Thomas Baring; application for a loan having been made to Sir Thomas, that gentleman generously presented the bird to the Society.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, July 3d. — The following papers were read: — 1. 'On the Local Attraction of Iron-built Steam Vessels,' by Mr. Naylor, of Southsea, a property whereby the indications of the compass are made to depart from the truth, except when the ship's head is nearly north or south. The paper was accompanied by a table, shewing the deviation at Northfleet and Baffin's Bay, as observed by Captain Parry, in the Hecla, in his first Polar voyage; also the computed local attraction, on the supposition that it receives its change in quantity from that principle which augments the natural variation of the compass. The deviations, more or less than the true bearing, are not constant quantities. The intensity of derangement is increased, but its character is not changed. For instance: when the ship's head was N. by E. at Northfleet, the compass shewed 1° less than the true bearing of an object on shore; and when at Baffin's Bay, on the same point, a deviation of 3° 17' 15" was shewn. It was also less than the true bearing. All vessels are subject to local attraction; but, built in the ordinary manner, it has hitherto not shewn itself in a quantity for which the course steered need be corrected. In iron steamers, however, the intensity will be greatly increased; and Mr. Naylor earnestly advises the local attraction of an iron steamer to be taken previously to her departure, and at the different ports she may reach, and a table of the variation to be kept. Being once accurately ascertained in its quantity, all danger from its existence ceases, since every course steered can be corrected for it. — 2. 'On a new Mode of forming an extensive Class of Compounds,' by Mr. Maugham. When the charcoal points are approximated, under water, so as to obtain the brilliant light, a compound, consisting of hydrogen and carbon, is precipitated, and a gas, the carbonic oxide, escapes, or may be collected on the surface. Mr. Maugham observed, that the action may be extended by multiplying the pairs of points, and varied by changing the substances of which they may be composed, as well as by immersing them in different solutions, instead of water. These facts excited great attention and interest. The discussion was adjourned to the next meeting, when Mr. Maugham will go through a series of experiments before the Society.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 28th. — The following degrees were conferred: —

Masters of Arts. — Rev. T. Taylor, Magdalen Hall; Rev. D. Anderson, Exeter College; Rev. J. Churchill, E. Horton, Fellows, Worcester College; Rev. W. Dyer, Jesus College; J. Wyndham, Magdalen College; Rev. C. G. Hulton, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts. — T. Phinn, Scholar, Exeter College; H. Duke, St. Mary Hall; E. D. Poore, New College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 25. — The Members' Prizes for Latin Prose Compositions were adjudged as follows: —

For Bachelors of Arts. — 1. Howson, Trinity College; 2. The Author of the essay with the motto "Quam delecta," who, having omitted to send in his name, has been requested to call on the Vice-Chancellor.

Subject, "Quousque, et quibus potissimum rationibus,

artium pulchritudinem spectantium forme nobiliores e pura religione oriantur; eandemque vicissim promovendi vim habeant."

For Undergraduates. — 1. Woodham, Jesus College; 2. Riley, Clare Hall.

Subject, "In its que de Ethica et Politica a Platone scripta accipimus quemnam sint elementa philosophiam revera christianam adumbrantia."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETING
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — British Architects, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

CORONATION MEDAL.

At length this work, which was to justify the preference of foreign to native talent, has appeared; and if those can blush, let them, who, in their ignorance and prejudice, denied that we had skill in art enough among Englishmen to deserve encouragement and employment by the government — if they have one grain of shame left, let them never again assume to influence the judgment of others, but sink into the honest consciousness that they have been presumptuous blockheads. We are led to express ourselves thus strongly, because we have always vindicated the art and artists of our country against any foreign pretension; and, now that it has been put to the test, we have before us the worst coronation medal ever executed, the work of the Signor Pistrucci, *chief medallist* (God help the mark!) to the royal Mint of England! and a head of our youthful sovereign, exquisite for its skill and resemblance, which is just completed by our countryman, Mr. Wyon, the chief engraver* at the Mint, for a medal to commemorate the visit of her Majesty to the city. For taste, and beauty, and skill, this is, we think, one of Mr. Wyon's happiest productions; and when it is contrasted with that of the Signor Pistrucci, the English work instantly produces admiration; whilst that of the Italian provokes laughter, or excites pity. These works settle the claim to the palm between the artists; and we now hope that the unworthy and unpatriotic attempts to depreciate Mr. Wyon's talents, and uphold the Signor's as infinitely paramount, may be remembered only to raise a smile, for they are no longer worthy of a more serious feeling. It is no longer a question upon which any man with a pair of eyes, and some common sense, can entertain a moment's doubt. It is no longer necessary to defend Mr. Wyon's reputation, as an artist, against the attacks of the presumptuous and prejudiced, who have assumed to declare what is, and what is not, fine in art. Let these two productions be weighed, and the Signor, with ten thousand such backers as he has had, must kick the beam. The head of the Queen, upon the coronation medal, is old and ugly; at the clubs it has acquired the name of the old maid's medal; — it is vulgar, and ill-executed; the eye and nose ill-drawn, the neck scraggy, the face puffed, and the whole a vile pretension to resemblance. The reverse is as bad in execution as the head; not a feature is made out. The design is made up of the former medal of the Signor's, where George IV. is sitting; and David's picture of the Three Horatii thrusting their arms forward to receive their swords: for, in a similar manner, the Three Kingdoms, in ragged and ropy drapery, through

* We cannot help remarking upon the shameful injustice of these appointments; the salaries are equal. Our countryman's, for executing the coinage; the foreigner's, for doing nothing; for, if a medal is to be executed, he is paid extra. The country will soon learn the cost of the abortion, and more of the secrets of the Mint, than has yet transpired. The reverse of the new sovereign has been condemned; but it is not Mr. Wyon's work; it is that of M. Merlet, a Frenchman.

which their wooden legs and thighs are seen, are thrusting the French crown in the Queen's face. And, by way of a classical touch, the lion, frightened at the scarecrows, has slunk behind the Queen's seat, and holds in his paw the thunderbolt; which, of course, he has cribbed from the eagle of France. We hope our neighbours will observe that these imperfections, offered in a time of peace, are not by an Englishman. We would really criticise this thing with more seriousness, but it is not worth it. Of the dozen coronation medals struck upon this occasion at Birmingham, and sold in pewter, for a penny, to her Majesty's lieges, there is not one that is not a better resemblance of her Majesty, and as good at least as a work of art. Of Mr. Wyon's medal we are very proud. Executed amidst all the hard labour of producing the new coinage, and within one sixth of the time employed upon the foreign abortion which we condemn, we have a work which we fearlessly offer as a challenge to die-engravers abroad or at home; and we owe gratitude to the city authorities, who intrusted to Mr. Wyon the execution of this beautiful work, to commemorate the visit of our gracious sovereign to their Guildhall. The reverse of the medal is the facade of the hall, the scene of festive hospitality. We wish Mr. Wyon would execute another reverse to his beautiful portrait of her Majesty, adapted to the coronation; and let us have an English medal, one worthy of the occasion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Ancient Jerusalem, during the Approach of the Miraculous Darkness which attended the Crucifixion. Painted by W. Linton; engraved by T. Lupton.

WHEN the original picture from which this magnificent print has been engraved, was exhibited in the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, we spoke of it with the admiration which it was so well calculated to excite. Unquestionably it is Mr. Linton's *chef d'œuvre*; and, in sublimity of conception and skillfulness of execution, has never been surpassed by any one. Mr. Lupton has been most successful in the translation of this noble work to steel, and has perfectly preserved its awful and mysterious character. The following description of the plate will be interesting to such of our readers as may not have an immediate opportunity of seeing it: —

"On the left are seen the prison and palace; over them appears Mount Zion, with its palace and fortress (*Josephus*); also the aqueduct. — 2 *Chron.* xxxii. Calvary is seen in the distance over the ravine (the Tyropeion), on the sides of which are the towers of Mariamne, Hippicus, Phasaelas, Psephinus, &c., and the theatre of Herod. — *Josephus*. The dark tower of Ophel (*Nehemiah*, *Bunting's Travels*, *Fuller's Palestine*) is near the fore-ground, and the south front, or royal cloister, of the Temple, with its central gate, on its high and plane substruction, are above on the right. This cloister was of the same length as each of the other three sides of the outer court — viz. a furlong, but comprised four parallel rows of Corinthian columns, forming three aisles; the central one being half as wide again as the side aisles, and its columns double the height of the others. — *Josephus*. A thin wall was inserted between the columns of the outward range. — *Dr. Maynard, Hudson*. The colonnades of the interior courts, and the Temple itself (the Holy of Holies), from their being so little elevated above the outer porticoes, could not be seen from the low point of view which has been

selected. The Roman architecture is to be ascribed to the reign of Herod.—*Josephus*. That of an Egyptian character, to the long sojourn of the Jewish nations in that country; to the era of Solomon, who espoused an Egyptian princess, and who (*see Bible*) ornamented his buildings in the Egyptian fashion; and, to the subsequent periods, when the Egyptians twice possessed themselves of Jerusalem by conquest, in the reigns of Rehoboam and Josiah. The flat-roofed buildings are characteristic of the period, and implied in Scripture (*Deut.* xxii. 8, and *Luke*, xii. 3.) and the remaining ones are designed to sustain the antique character of the city. The figures introduced represent 'his acquaintance, and the woman that followed him from Galilee, who were far off, beholding these things' (*Luke*, xxiii.), and others, whom the approaching darkness struck either with conviction, doubt, or terror."

Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservatives and Statesmen. No. VIII. Ryley and Co. PORTRAITS of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, the Right Hon. the Earl Howe, and the Right Hon. the Lord Wallace (the first two from pictures by G. Ward), ornament the eighth Number of this splendid publication.

The Prayer of Innocence. Painted by T. Uwins, R.A.; Engraved by S. Sangster. Moon. THE design is full of beauty and sentiment; the engraving free, loose, and flowing.

Portrait of the Queen.—We have just had an opportunity of seeing, at Messrs. Hodgsons', the Portrait of the Queen, painted by the American artist, Mr. Sully, and it affords us great pleasure to say, that it is a beautiful and admirable likeness. The head is, indeed, very finely painted, and, notwithstanding all that have already been produced, in an original attitude and style which are at once striking and graceful. We understand this picture will be exhibited next week, on Tuesday.

On the subject of art, we may notice the etching of Landseer's "Highland Drovers," proceeding from the *burin* of J. H. Wall, as another most promising performance, and a credit to our national school. F. Grant's "Royal Hunt," too, with all its capital portraits, is in full cry (progress we mean) by Bromley. Hayter's picture of the "Coronation in Westminster Abbey," has been already secured for engraving by Messrs. Hodgson.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

"We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told."—*Psalms*.

CHILD! that so securely clingest
To thy mother's side,
And thine arm around her flingest
Lest some harm betide!
Thou who art so archly smiling,
Void of care thy brow;
No wrong thought thy soul defiling—
Child, how old art thou?

And the child looked up with a face of glee,
Which beamed with a smile of ecstasy;
But his lisping tongue no words expressed,
As he closer clung to his mother's breast;
And the guileless glance of that sinless eye
Was all the innocent one's reply.

Boy! that mournfully art creeping
To thy tasks to-day,
And to-morrow high art leaping
On thy joyous way;

Thou, whose every thought is bounded
By the present now;
Thy prospects all by hope surrounded—
Boy, how old art thou?

And the boy answered laughingly,
And his bosom swelled perceptibly:

"Call me not Boy—I am in my teens,
And long have forgotten my childhood's
scenes;
And five brief years will soon be gone,
Then hail! all hail! to twenty-one.
Hurrah! for the day that shall set me free,
When none shall dare to dictate to me!"

Man! that through the crowded city
Passest in thy prime,
Doling forth superfluous pity
To the sons of time;
Thou, whose half of life is wasted,
Unredeemed thy vow;
Religion's waters scarcely tasted—
Man! how old art thou?

And the man replied abstractedly,
In a voice that sounded remorsefully:

"Oh! ask me not—the days are past,
That I vainly thought for aye would last!
The plans that I formed in my early years
Have brought to me only griefs and tears;
And those whom in youth I did most despise
Have been lifted up in the nation's eyes,
Whilst, unimproved, the powerful sway
Of my forty summers hath passed away!"

Gray-haired, old! that totterest weakly
'Cross thy chamber floor,
Drinking sounds, benign and meekly,
Soon thou'lt hear no more!
Thou whom "mere oblivion" shroudeth—
Whose last days are now—
Ere "sans speech" upon thee crowdeth,
Say, how old art thou?

And the gray-haired man essayed to speak,
And a tear passed over his withered cheek;
But there came no sound—he bowed his head—
His age untold, he was with the dead!

W. M.

MUSIC.

Musical—The rehearsal of the festival in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, and the full performance, on Monday, have not only completely gratified the lovers of harmony, but much delighted the friends of humanity. With the extraordinary mass of musical talent now in London, the directors had little to do but to select the highest and arrange the best. And this they accomplished with taste and judgment. The performances were varied and excellent—nearly every distinguished vocalist and eminent instrumentalist, whose exertions could contribute a charm to the entertainments, were engaged; and some of the finest compositions in the science were produced in the grandest style. We have not room for critical details; but, while we congratulate the audiences on the pleasures they enjoyed, we must, also, express our great satisfaction that the proceeds will be most beneficial in the cause of philanthropy and charity, being devoted to the Westminster Hospital, infirmary, schools, and other institutions sacred to benevolence and useful instruction.

DRAMA.

Opera.—At the opera, on Saturday, there was a grand row, in consequence of the crowd, and the pre-admission, through favour, of a number of persons to the pit, and its occupation before the doors were opened. Nearly the

whole night passed in confusion; and, instead of a place of refined and polite amusement, the theatre was worse than a bear garden in olden times at Hockley-in-the-Hole. There is much in these matters that needs reform.

Covent Garden.—At the close of the season we have to congratulate the public, and we wish we had equal reason to congratulate the Lessee, on the gratifying proof which it has afforded that the legitimate Drama has yet sufficient attractions for the English people. Several failures attended the enterprising efforts of Mr. Macready, hurried as he was into the theatre, and much disappointed in his earlier arrangements; but he gallantly persevered, and produced some eminently successful pieces from living authors of high celebrity (Bulwer, Knowles, Rooke, &c.), and, also, several of the plays of our immortal Shakspeare, in a style never equalled either for correctness or splendour. Thus has native genius been brought forward; and thus has the highest order of dramatic excellence been exhibited to a judicious and admiring country.

Mr. Macready, we understand, has paid the proprietors nearly 6000*l.*, has expended a very large sum on *properties*, and has kept his excellent company together at full salaries, duly paid, to the end. This is most honourable to him; and if he has not had his reward this season, we trust he will have it amply in the next, for which he has been induced to take the theatre. He has made the sacrifice of a large income for the sake of his profession; and if ever man deserved to be supported, he does, instead of having been, in too many quarters treated as if he were an enemy to the stage, and not an enemy to its degradation and prostitution. In England, perseverance in a good cause is sure of being recognised at last; and Mr. M., with the warm wishes of his friends and experience in his favour, need not fear for his future career, nor the well-wishers of the drama for its restoration to prosperity and credit.

The English Opera opened on Monday, with some of its old popular pieces, and with two novelties, *Gemini*, and *Lying in Ordinary*. The latter is very quaint and funny; and brings out Wieland, with great *éclat*, as an Italian boy. The former displays Compton, as an unjoined Siamese twin—a pair of *Dromios*—and is, also, a very amusing entertainment.

VARIETIES.

H. B.s.—Four caricatures, in H. B.'s happiest manner, have illustrated the coronation week. 544, Lord Morpeth dancing with the Queen, is most laughably grotesque, while the outstanders in the quadrille, Lords Uxbridge, Conyngham, &c. are new men in this amusing circle of characters, which so ludicrously preserves the insects of our age's political amber. 546, Lord Brougham (Cupid before Psyche), preserves an anecdote of the noble lord trying on a bonnet for his lady, in Paris, before a Psyche (long glass), while the French milliners look on in humorous amazement. 547, The "Coronation Medal," one of the best hits of the day; as, on the reverse of the medal, the Queen is seated with the orb in her hand; but the British lion behind her is O'Connell, and the three allegorical figures, England, Ireland, and Scotland, are changed into Lords Melbourne, Normanby, and Glenelg. For the legend, "primus tibi, nobile regnum," we have it "mobile" erased; the whole in a circle, and excellent. 545, "Forbidding the Banns,"—a marriage between Peel and Lord J. Russell,—the bride fainting, though supported by Lord

Morpeth, as bridesmaid. O'Connell forbidding the bans, Spring Rice looking at him in desperation; the Speaker as parson, and Wellington and Mr. Shaw as beadles. This, also, is a most amusing group.

New Printing-Machine.—We copy the following from an American paper, the "Peoria Register and North Western Gazetteer." Mr. Thomas French, of Ithaca, New York, is constructing his patent printing-press, at the Speedwell Works, near Middletown, which is to be attached to one of the paper-mills in that place. This press takes the paper immediately from the paper-machine, prints it on both sides, and passes it through drying cylinders, which press it smooth. Thus, in one operation, and within the space of three minutes, the pulp is taken from the mill, and a book of 356 pages is ready for the binder. The paper is printed in one continuous sheet, and a whole edition can readily be printed, rolled up, and sent to any distance. Mr. French has on his press "Cobb's Juvenile Reader," of 216 pages, of which he presented us a sheet of about seventy feet long, neatly printed, and which can be examined at our office.

Cause and Effect.—Two persons meeting, one observed to the other, "So, our old friend, the counsellor, is dead; and I am surprised to hear that he has left very few effects." "Not at all to be wondered at," replied the other, "as I understand he had very few causes."

The Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.—A public breakfast was given at Jenkins's Grounds, Regent's Park, on Wednesday; but, owing to the unpropitious state of the weather, it was partly postponed till Thursday, when there was a fair attendance of fashionables, yet not so good as under more favourable circumstances would certainly attend, and loosen their purse-strings in behalf of so excellent and necessary a charity. It appears, from the report, that, though thousands are annually relieved, the funds are not sufficient, nor the premises large enough, to administer curative aid to all the applicants; the number of persons affected with diseases of the ear being far more considerable than is generally supposed. The Woolwich review interfered, much to the disadvantage of the Institution this year; but we trust it will only redouble the exertions of its friends, which will soon repair any deficiencies.

Extraordinary Petrification.—The following article is given with the utmost seriousness in the "Mercurius Politicus," the official journal of the day, No. 334, Oct. 29—Nov. 6, 1656. In the continuation of the letter, Sir Kenelm Digby comments upon it as though he had not the least doubt of its truth, and remarks, in particular, as a singular circumstance, that gold should have been turned into stone, among other things:—"An Extract of Sir Kenelm Digby's Letter to a Friend, from Thoulouse, in France, September 27, 1656. Sir,—I entertain'd you from Paris with miracles of grace, from hence receive one of nature. The following are the words of Mr. Fitton's letter, of June 2, from Florence: 'Sir,—This is to present my humble service to you, and to let you know of a strange metamorphosis hapned in Barbary not long since, which is, the turning of a whole city into stone; that is, men, beasts, trees, houses, utensils, &c., every thing remaining in the same posture (as children at their mother's breasts, &c.) when the petrifying vapor fell upon this place. This city is under the King of Tripoli, some 4 days' journey into the land. One Whiting, the Capt. of an English ship (who had bin a slave in these parts), coming to Florence, told the Great

Duke of this accident, and he himself had seen the city. The Duke, desirous to know the truth, wrote to the Bassa of Tripoli about it, there having been a friendly correspondence between them these many years. The Bassa hath now answered the Duke's Letter, and assures him that the thing is most true, and that he himself is an eye-witness of it, going to the place purposely to see it; and that it hapned in the space of very few hours; and withall he hath sent to the Great Duke divers of those things petrified; and among the rest (Venetian Zecehines) turned into stone.' Thus Mr. Fitton."

Coronation Paper.—Mr. Schloss, whose pretty "Bijou Almanacs" afford such charming proofs of taste and ingenuity, has given us new cause to admire his ready art, by producing a species of letter and note paper, in honour of the coronation. The sheets are exquisitely adorned with a miniature representation of the Queen in St. Edward's chair, from a drawing by Hart, and beautifully engraved. It is also done in gold, and quite worthy of the most elegant designs in any of Mr. Schloss's preceding publications.

Orthography.—That the schoolmaster has not gone far abroad, may be seen from the following announcement on the unoccupied "Three Magpies," not ten miles from town.

"A Louse to Let."

We were much puzzled till we discovered that Alehouse to Let was the import of the ludicrous inscription.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; or, the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, by J. C. Loudon, F.L. and H.S., 8 vols. 8vo. 10s.—Historical Records of the British Army. The Second Regiment of Foot, or Queen's Royal, 8vo. 6s.—Ditto ditto Fifth Regiment of Foot, or Northumberland Fusiliers, 8vo. 6s.—Ditto ditto Eighty-Eighth Regiment of Foot, or Connaught Rangers, 8vo. 6s.—The Odes of Horace, illustrated by Parallel Passages from the Greek, Roman, and British Poets, by the Rev. J. Howell, 8vo. 10s. 6s.—The Gem of the Peak; or, Matlock Bath and its Vicinity, by W. Adam, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Dr. A. Billing's First Principles of Medicine, 3d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Casella's Italian Correspondence for Ladies, 12mo. 6s.—Supplement to Leigh's Poor-Laws, 12mo. 4s.—Landscape Lyrics, by W. Anderson, 4to. 12s.—Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems, by T. Wright, 8vo. 9s.—Bauer's Generals of Fems, with Letters by Dr. Hooker, Part I. 12s.—Proust's Monmouthshire Castles, imperial folio, 5s. 5s.—Life of the late T. Telford, Esq., edited by Richman, 4to. and folio plates, 8s. 8s.—The Authority of Tradition in Matters of Religion, by the Rev. G. Holden, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Sermons Preached in St. George Chapel, Albemarle Street, by Rev. W. W. Ellis, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Una, Queen of the Blessed Isles, a Poem, 8vo. 1s.—Rambles of Captain Bolio, fcap. 6s.—Sermons for Families, by Rev. E. Thompson, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Prophecy, Types, and Miracles, by ditto, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Natural History of insects mentioned in Shakspeare, by R. Patterson, fcap. 6s. 6d.—Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptations, by R. Mudie, fcap. 6s.—Sermons on the Temptation of Christ, by Rev. E. Scobell, 12mo. 4s.—Thom's Dialogues on Universal Salvation, 8vo. 5s.—The Journal of a Naturalist, 4th edition, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 28	Finn 54 to 66	29.94 to 29.93
Friday ... 29	... 51 ... 64	29.92 ... 29.91
Saturday ... 30	... 46 ... 63	29.90 ... 29.93
July.		
Sunday ... 1	... 52 ... 67	29.93 ... 29.98
Monday ... 2	... 57 ... 72	29.94 ... 29.96
Tuesday ... 3	... 56 ... 65	29.90 ... 30.00
Wednesday ... 4	... 53 ... 63	30.04 ... 30.05
Prevailing wind, S.W.		
Except the 29th and 30th ult., and afternoon of the 4th inst., generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain; distant thunder on the afternoon of the 29th.		
Rain fallen, .0125 of an inch.		
Edmonton, CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.		
Latitude ... 51° 37' 38" N.		
Longitude ... 3° 51' W. of Greenwich.		

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Masters, is now open, and will continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE on Saturday next, July 14.

Open each day, from Nine till Dark.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

MESSRS. YATES and SON have the honour to inform the Nobility and Gentry, they have now on View at the Picture Gallery, 299 Regent Street, an extensive and rare Collection of Italian Pictures lately acquired from Florence; amongst which are, some splendid pictures by Correggio, Raphael, A. del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, and two magnificent Pictures by that scarce Master, Francesco Ubertini. Also, the bust of Lorenzo il Magnifico, by Michael Angelo. This Exhibition will be found one of the most interesting since the celebrated Orleans Collection.

Admission 1s.—Open from Ten till Six o'clock.

PRACTICAL ADVANCEMENT OF HISTORICAL

A PUBLIC LECTURE by MAJOR BELL (who has had the high honour of lecturing before Her Majesty the Queen), on his Coloured Charts of Bygone Time, testing their Effect on Memory by the Cursory Examination of two Young Persons, the one but nine, the other not yet eleven years of age, will be delivered at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, on Wednesday, 11th July, at One o'clock in the Day; and repeated on Friday, 13th July, at Eight o'clock in the Evening. Admittance to each Lecture, occupying about one hour, 1s. 6d.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

DR. LINDLEY'S MEDICAL BOTANY.

On Thursday, July 19, in 1 vol. 8vo.

FLORA MEDICA; or, a Botanical Account of all the most remarkable Plants applied to Medical Practice in Great Britain and other Countries.

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